

NORMALOGUE

1916

Alumni Association

NORTH ADAMS STATE COLLEGE
NORTH ADAMS, MASS. 01247.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



To
Mr. Frank Fuller Murdock
Our beloved principal
The class of 1916
fondly dedicates
this book



MR. FRANK FULLER MURDOCK

Dedicatory

“How shall I then begin or where conclude?
For in a round what order can be showed,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are?”

—*Dryden.*

True, indeed are those lines when applied to our beloved principal. 'Neath his steady hand and wise judgments our Alma Mater has been successfully piloted for many years.

After having been under the influence of his rare intellect and fine administrative power no member of the Class of 1916 can help but carry away with her a lasting memory of what it is which makes North Adams Normal School rank so high among institutions of its kind.

During our two years as a member of his school many a noble tribute has been paid to him by speakers in our Assembly Hall and we have learned what educational men throughout our country think of Mr. Murdock.

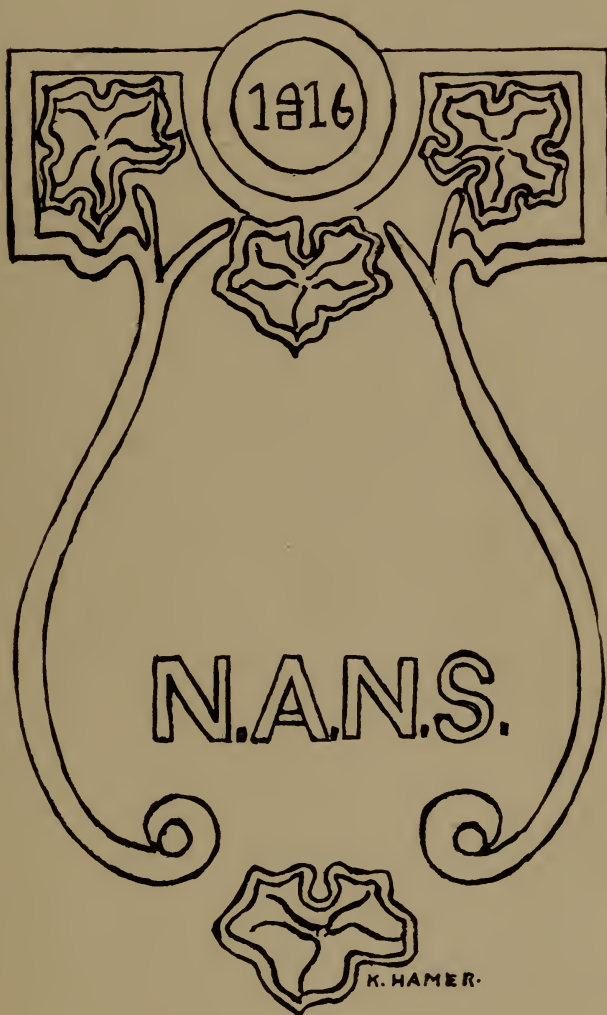
Very hard indeed would it be to give a fitting testimony of the numberless lessons of life, worth while, which have been taught to us by our faithful friend and teacher.

Nevertheless we will tender to him our appreciation of such favors and wish that his future may be as contented and prosperous as his past.

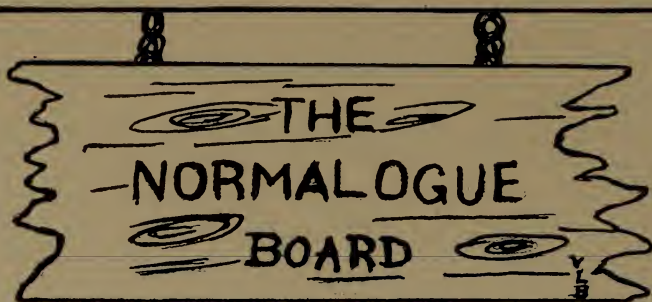
—*Katharine A. O'Connor.*



NORTH ADAMS NORMAL SCHOOL



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As we judge the life of every nation and people by the records left by that nation or people, so will we be judged by our records. In order that the judgment may be a just one we have tried to put forth our best efforts for "It is not the number of one's failures but the value of his successes which affords the just gauge of his genius and everyone has a right to be judged by his best."

However, it is not for this alone that we have issued this, our Class Book but that when in the future the burdens of the day have become almost more than we can bear and life seems sad and lonely, we may open the pages of this little volume and find therein tributes to old friendship for,

"Celestial happiness whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the Goddess finds,
And one alone to make amends,
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend."

Mayhap it may serve another purpose. It may inspire with hope some future member of our Alma Mater who has for the time being forgotten that, "behind the clouds is the sun, still shining."



ROY LEON SMITH

"Do the duty which lies nearest thee. Thy second duty will already have become clearer." —Carlyle.

IT is with a feeling of sadness and regret that we say, "farewell" to Mr. Smith. During our Junior year our somewhat dreary existence was often brightened by his witty stories and unfailing sympathy. In our Senior year he gave us some of our most helpful words of advice. Surely Mr. Smith must have adopted the following lines of Foss as his motto:—

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man (girls)."



WILLIAM JOHNSON

"The day of the mere professor, who deals in knowledge is gone; and the day of the doer, who creates, has come. The brain and the hand, too long divorced and each weak and mean without the other, are henceforth to be one and inseparable; and this union will lift men to a higher level."

—Dr. S. Hall.

EVERY girl who leaves N. A. N. S., has some piece of wood-working, however crude and simple, which she managed to fashion under Mr. Johnson's directions. Whether that piece adorns her schoolroom or home it will always bring back pleasant memories of that kindly teacher whose difficult task it was to make carpenters out of girls who would fain be otherwise.



ALBERT G. ELDRIDGE

*“Think not thy life a narrow cage
Which thwarts thy mounting ring;
Set a great heart on a twelve-foot stage,
And it will play a king.”*

—Langbridge.

ONE morning in February we were pleasantly surprised by the news that Mr. Eldridge was to be a member of our faculty and would teach the Senior History of Education Class. We have all appreciated Mr. Eldridge's patience with us in that profitable but uninteresting subject. To him we owe our first knowledge of how and what to say to those marvelous creatures, superintendents. He understands the business thoroughly because he had been one himself before he joined us in North Adams.



ROSA E. SEARLE

*"Give us to awake with smiles, give us to labor smiling . . .
As the sun brightens the world, so let our loving kindness make
bright this house of our habitation."*

—Stevenson.

MISS SEARLE found our Junior class most unresponsive. It took a large amount of enthusiasm, which she seems to radiate, to brighten us up. How many of us will forget the "see me" which became her motto until we began to show the results of our awaking! Exactness, patience, and fortitude, she required of all, yet we shall remember her for sympathy and understanding which in such wise hands brought us to a fuller, richer life. She made us realize that we must do our part if we wished the world to help us on.



ANNIE E. SKEELE

"The teacher's mission today is the mission of accepting the proud duty of universal motherhood, destined to protect all mankind, the normal and the abnormal alike."

—Dr. Marie Montessori.

WE have come to love Miss Skeele through a long series of evolutions. We will not forget the pleasure we had in Hygiene in our Junior year, neither can we forget the delightful "gym" days spent with her. What real good times we have had! We hope all future classes receive as much life-help and encouragement from her as did we.



MARY LOUISE BARIGHT

True expression like the unchanging sun
Clears and improves all that it shines upon.

—*Pope.*

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young mariner,
Down to the harem,
Call your companions,

Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvass,
And ere it vanishes,
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

—*Tennyson.*

MOMENTS not soon to be forgotten were those in which Miss Baright read to us some poem or article illustrative of the daily lesson. How we would thrill to our finger tips as she interpreted the various beauties of the selection. The success of our Class Play was due largely to her training and inspiration as was also the success of our efforts in other directions. Long will we remember Miss Baright as one of our best friends during our stay at Normal school.



ANNIE LAMPHIER

"Remembering what the common man may do, with proper ideals and advantages, there is no higher duty now resting upon all of us, and especially upon our educators, than to unite education and activity by the closest possible bonds, to prevent on the one hand the requirement of knowledge to no purpose, and on the other the development of operative skill with little knowledge of the true relations of things; to see to it that no individual shall be compelled to choose between an education without a vocation, and a vocation without an education."

IN our Junior year Miss Lamphier taught us basketry. Some of us were not very apt pupils thus making doubly difficult the task of our instructor. We have appreciated her efforts and realize that hers was no easy subject to teach.



MRS. COUCH

"The men and the women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those who encourage more than criticize."

HOW dear to the hearts of every girl in the class of 1916 is Mrs. Couch. Ever ready with an encouraging word she lightened the burden of many a sad hearted would-be teacher. In every sense a woman who lifts the world upward and onward. In all our hearts there is a special corner reserved for her.



MARY PEARSON

“Handiwork expressed the soul of the worker. That which is soul we weave as we live, and good or bad it tells in our efforts. The good craftsman is he whose work is done as best he knows how. Not at once is perfection attained, but one day comes the revelation that at last mastery is achieved. This is art.”

IF you have never tried to make a passable genius out of common material you can not realize the task which awaited Miss Pearson in the class room each day. Never tiring of her task, but by worthy example and interesting lectures she strove to teach us the three great principles of art, namely, balance, rhythm and harmony.



BERTHA SHOLES

"Not the size of the task, but the spirit shown in the task, is the measure of the man."

MISS SHOLES came to us in our Senior year. To her kindly teaching many of us owe our first thorough knowledge of those things which make a home a delight to live in. Although she has not been a member of our faculty during our entire course she has endeared herself to the Class of 1916 and will not be soon forgotten by them.



HANNAH P. WATERMAN

“**I**F you can dress with taste, to look attractive,
 Yet not make modes and frills your chief delight;
 If both in work and play you’re strong and active;
 And of the gentler graces lose not sight;
 If you can teach, but not grow autocratic
 While holding every pupil to his best;
 If making each new lesson most emphatic,
 You hold its true relation to the rest;
 If you can lead your children out from error,
 Withholding judgment and exalting truth,
 Redeem neglected little ones from terror,
 Bring health and gladness to the heart of youth;
 If you inspire each boy and girl you’re training,
 Respecting self and friends and neighborhood,
 To reach his goal—the one most worth attaining;
 However dimly you perceive the present good,
 Your service can not be expressed in wages;
 You’ll win the best the years may hold in store;
 Of wealth and happiness, conserved thruout the ages
 Life will yield you all it promises, and more.”



ALICE KNOWLTON

"The noblest service comes from nameless hands,
And the best servant does his work unseen."



ELIZABETH V. O'HERN

Remember

The Power of Kindness
The Dignity of Simplicity
The Success of Perseverance
The Wisdom of Patience
The Force of Truth.



MRS. GRAVES

"Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality. They are the perfect duties . . . If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it, they are wrong."

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



MISS HOWARD

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman, than to study household good."

—Milton.

MISS HOWARD, our assistant matron, came to us after graduating from the Boston Cooking School. Besides performing her many duties she takes an active part in all our parties. She has won a place in our hearts which no one else can ever replace.



MRS. VAN ETTEN

MRS. VAN ETTEN came to us this year. It is impossible to say how much we love her. She has smoothed out the rough places for some and made the steep places easy for others. She has been a mother to us all and we will never, never, forget her many kindnesses.



FLORENCE BUGBEE

“**J**OY comes, grief goes, we know not how;
 Everything is happy now.
 Everything is upward striving.
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for the grass to be green or skies to be blue,
 'Tis the natural way of living.”



ALICE L. HALL

"To rest content with results is the first sign of business today. Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work, body and soul."

—*Clara Buxton.*



TACONIC HALL



A SCENE IN THE BERKSHIRES



Oliver Fuller Eldridge

Our Class Baby

"The trees bend down to kiss him,
And the birds in rapture sing,
As there he stands and waves his hands—
The cunnin' little thing!"



Class Song

ALMA MATER.

Once again for thee, dear Normal
We are gather'd here,
Proud to be your loyal daughters
We honor thee each year,
Ever cherished be the mem'ries
Of our school days here,
Hail to Normal!
Alma Mater
Hail to our Normal School!

Normal life for us is passing,
Future years will tell
Of the fame and of the honor
Of the class that loves thee well,
Hail to Normal!
Alma Mater
Praises sing to thee,
Nineteen sixteen now doth wish thee
Alma Mater, dear, farewell.

—*Thenis H. Engel.*



CLASS OF 1916

Class of 1916

FLORENCE BERARD

North Adams, Mass.

"Here lies a deal of fun."

WHO is laughing? Why it's Florence, of course, with her contagious giggle. When she begins, there's no use trying to keep one's face straight. But dignified? Well, I guess. You should have seen her when, as secretary and treasurer of our class, she conducted a meeting for the discussion of self government. Florence likes a good time and is always ready for fun, if no better opportunity offers itself she can be found at the "movies."

But we think that perhaps this little bit of advice might help:

"Oh! Florence! Beware of all the "Docs."
Or soon you will be mending socks."



MARION SMITH BRYANT

Hartford, Conn.



QUIET, sedate, steadfast and calm.
She passes along her way.
Yet as she goes, we feel a charm
Which sweetens the live long day.

So here's to Marion, the girl, "true
blue,"

The girl with the heart so kind,
May she never have a thing to rue,
But happiness always find.

VERA LUCY BROWN

Prescott, Mass.

*"My love, she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa
An she'll no be half sae saucy."*

IF you should happen to ask "Babe" whence she comes, she would inevitably reply, "From the place where no one ever gets cold feet." Be it Soapstone, Greenwich Village or Prescott, it matters not, as long as we have her with us and can hear her merry laughter through the halls.

Observing her attitude toward different phases of work, it has been noticed that she is always unusually alert talkative and on the subject of Light Zones since this affords her an opportunity to "shine" as she explains the direct and indirect "Rays" of the sun.

Favorite expressions—"Well, I'm peeved," "Hon—estly," "Tru—ly."

Favorite occupation—Telling stories in Literature Class.

Favorite stunts—Sleeping till the seven o'clock whistle blows. Coming back from vacations by way of Springfield.

Grammar—Primary Course.



ELLEN T. CORCORAN

Stockbridge, Mass.

*"Her friends, they are many,
Her foes, are there any?"*



ELLEN came to us two years ago with a list of good marks and she is leaving now with excellent ones. She has been active in basketball and anything which needs her support. Whenever anyone hears a sharp scream it is sure to come from Room 49. Ellen had her position before any of us and

so has been relieved of much worry. Well, Ellen, we all wish you good luck in the little school-house around the corner from home.

CAMILLA G. COLE,
South Shaftsbury, Vt.

*"Make yourselves nests of pleasant
thought."*

WHEN Camilla came among us,
Distant indeed she seemed to us
But when one knows her near,
She becomes indeed one dear.



If a person utters words of disgrace
Against the farmers of Vermont's grace,
Camilla immediately defends,
And for her homeland she stands.

There are many things of which she can do,
And there are two things of which she has done;
Merrily whistling in the hall at mid-night,
And making home furniture with all her might.

FLORA CORRIGAN
North Adams, Mass.

"To know, to esteem, to love."



FLORA is the lunch room mistress and
makes this position known to those
who forget (?) to do their dishes.

She always works diligently and her
studies prey heavily upon her mind,
(unless she has something else to think
about, as for instance, President Wil-
son's wedding which she has followed
closely from the beginning and can an-

swer any question about it.)

When Flora casts her dreamy eyes around at Beatrice and
says, "There's going to be a lovely moon tonight!" we know
that something is going to happen, because of a certain "O. D."

Flora has suddenly acquired trouble with her eyes and we
aren't sure yet whether or not it is imaginary.

SADIE DELPHY

Williamstown, Mass.

*"O Friend! with whom our feet have trod,
The quiet aisles, dear,
Glad witness to your zeal for good
And sweetest love we bear."*

SADIE is very quiet indeed, yet we miss her when the Williamstown car fails to bring her to North Adams before 9.30 A. M. She has a great fondness for "gym" yet we see her only occasionally engaging in the usual stunts with us. We believe she takes private lessons in that occupation when we are not around to take away any of the pleasure. In years to come we feel sure Sadie will be among the most honored of the class of 1916.



MARY GRAVES DICKINSON

Hatfield, Mass.

*"For if she will, she will, you may depend
on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an
end on't."*

Nickname—"Dicky."

Favorite exclamation—"Great Scott!" "I should worry!"

Favorite occupation—Holding her head.

Ambition—To be a Mary, Queen of Scotts.



MARY DEMPSEY
North Adams, Mass.

*"Full well they laughed with counterfeited
glee,
At all her jokes, for many a joke had
she."*

MARY is decidedly an athletic girl, having starred in basketball all through her course and upheld the record which she brought with her from Drury.

Plump people are always supposed to be jolly and Mary certainly proves the point. Surely at some time or another everyone has been the object of her ready wit. With her winning ways and her generous supply of muscle we are sure that Mary will make a success of anything she undertakes.

Favorite expression—"As my second husband would say."

Favorite occupation—Going to basket ball games.

Course—Grammar Primary.



THELMA DONOVAN
Greenfield, Mass.

*"A presence to be felt and known
In darkness as in light."*

THELMA is one of the many treasures who came to us from Greenfield.

Dark haired, rosy cheeked lass whose face is always Burning from some cause or another. If we should try and tell which of the sports Thelma likes best

we would, I'm afraid, have to say canoeing.

If you want to find out any of the town topics ask Thelma. She'll tell you anything you wish to know about the water at Windsor Lake.





BEATRICE DONOVAN
North Adams, Mass.

THERE we have Beatrice
Full of laughter and charm.
Just give her her own way,
And she'll do you no harm.

In "gym" she's a leader
No stunt is too hard
And in stationary basketball
She's right there on guard.

In glee club her voice
Can always be heard,
For even the cantata
She sings like a bird.

A rival she is
To Mrs. Castle herself,
For she dances the latest
As graceful as an elf.

Bea. studies by day
But is a cobbler by night
Fixing heels is her specialty
And in all "Healy" business
finds delight.

Before 'tis forgotten
I now must relate
That Flora and Beatrice
We cannot separate.

Together they are
From morning till night
Each chaperons (?) the other
So of course it's all right.

How the evening before was spent
Often we guess,
For those glances and "He saids"
During chapel confess.

From that portion of land
About five miles west
Comes a "W" 1919
On the seventh day of rest.

Of course he's to help her
Prepare lessons for Monday
Ah, often she sighs,
"Why can't every day be Sun-
day?"

MARY LOUISE DURNIN

North Adams, Mass.

"Ready in heart and ready in head."

Mary came to Normal after graduating from St. Joseph's High, bringing with her a scholarship record which she has continued to keep.

She was not a bit undecided as to what course she would pursue, but promptly raised her hand for Domestic Arts.

Because of the fact that she is a good scholar, and because she just loves (?) long walks and rural schools we haven't a doubt but that her future will be a big success.



THENIS HELEN ENGEL

Athol, Mass.

*"Little yellow dandelion dancing in the
sun,*

Have you any curls to sell?

Not a single one."

Nicknames—"Thermos," "Angel,"
"Yeller."

Favorite exclamations—"Golly,"
"Ach Himmel."

Favorite occupation—Gossiping.

Ambition—

*"Oh! to be a little angel
Up in the sky so high."*



ETHEL MILDRED ENO

New Haven, Vt.

*"Then let us smile when skies are grey,
And laugh at stormy weather,
And sing life's lonesome times away,
So worry and the dreariest day
Will find an end together."*

"ISN'T this a perfect day?" or "This is simply delicious!" are the constant outbursts of this happy, kind-hearted girl. Never a complaining word do we hear from Ethel, but always a happy smile, and a look of contentment greets us and we feel, "All's right with the world."

Although Ethel's "dreams" for a short time were of the "Fair West,"

Where the vines are ever fruited,
And the weather ever fine,
And the birds are ever singing,
"Bashful sweetheart, mine."

we find she has at last decided to teach in the fair hills of Vermont where, somehow the birds have learned that same tune, "Bashful Sweetheart, mine."



GENEVIEVE ENO

New Haven, Vt.

*There's no time to waste or lose,
Every moment you should use,
For the hours are gliding fast.*



WHEN we come in from the movies Genevieve is the girl who meets us at the door and invariably asks for the weather with a well known smile.

She is a conscientious worker and *always* does her duty first, never swerving from the path.

The monotony of the life of the "dorm" is broken for Genevieve by the telephone, doorbell, and occasional glances at a certain civil engineer's picture which is perched on her dresser.

AGNES FALLON

Williamstown, Mass.

*"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing and the smile ye
wear
That's making the sun shine every-
where."*

"**A**G" is very studious as can be seen by the large number of books she carries home nights. She is very cold-blooded, so much so that she walks up Main Street on the sunny side every morning. Webster is her only rival in giving a definition. Next year we expect to see her teaching children in a city school to cook enough for one but have enough for six and some left over for the "family pet."

Her favorite expression—"Wait a moment until I think."



MARGARET FALLON

North Adams, Mass.

*"Joy have I had and going hence,
I bear away my recompense."*



WOULD you believe that this is the same little tot who came into our midst two years ago? Well, it is the same Peg just bubbling over with mischief and yet wearing that baby-innocent-look in her eyes. Margaret's private office seems to be the most com-

fortable spot in the school and, much to the distress of others, she may be found any spare moments holding a consultation propped up by sofa pillows on the seat in the hall. May you always find life as comfortable as that seat has been, is the wish of your class mates.

LILA RACHEL FEELEY

Pittsfield, Mass.

*"Sweet day, sweet song—
The golden hours
Grew brighter for that singing.
For cares were banished from our minds,
Where'er her voice was ringing."*

THERE'S skating on Orr's! I'm going down tonight!" are the words so often heard from "Feeley" during the cold winter months. And sure enough at four-fifteen she may be seen, skates over her shoulder, skipping off toward the pond.

Lila is a kindergartener and we are sure she will be successful in her chosen work.

Wherever she goes the best wishes of 1916 will follow her.



LAURA FLANDERS

Pownal, Vt.

*"Don't do today that which you can put
off till tomorrow."*



LAURA comes from the far regions of Pownal every morning and, after her early ride, always likes to rest for the remainder of the day. She is very fond of having her fortune told for, she tells us, that mysterious stone shows visions of a future to be spent

on the Western plains. Wherever she may go, she may be sure the good wishes of her classmates follow.

GLADYS HANKS FRALEIGH

Holyoke, Mass.

Nickname—"Glad."

Home—Holyoke, Mass.

Favorite college—Cornell.

Favorite occupation—Embroidering
for her hope chest.

Sayings—"Vat do we care?"

Remarks—

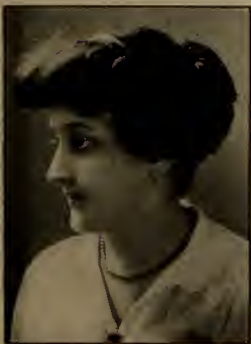
"There is no effort on my brow
I do not strive, I do not weep,
I rush with the swift spherer and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep."



BEATRICE GREEN

North Adams, Mass.

*"They might not need me; but thy might,
I'll let my head be just in sight;
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity."*



FOR two years, Beatrice has walked a long way every morning to greet us with her smile. She says she likes Normal, but, on certain afternoons we notice that she likes "home and mother" better. Perhaps this is because she will not be home much next year. However, we know she will not shirk her duty and will have great success as a real teacher.

FRANCES CLAIRE HALEY

Holyoke, Mass.

Future Home—Unspellable, unpronounceable Chinese town. (It is not on the map.)

Nicknames — “Fran,” “Capt. O’Hara.”

Exclamations—“Oh! you lucky kid,” “For the love of Pete and Hollander Mike.”

Favorite occupations — Dreaming. Giving advice which she never follows herself.

Ambition—To get thin.

“O bed! O bed! delicious bed,
That heaven upon earth to the weary head.”



LEAH HOWARTH

North Adams, Mass.

*“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her
eye,
In every gesture dignity.”*



TWO years ago, Leah came to North Adams and decided to enter Normal School. We are glad she did, for her dignified presence has been an inspiration to us all.

But there are times when Leah keeps us guessing, and that is when she blushes. Nevertheless, we feel sure that she will make good use of her D. A. course, and our best wishes for success go with her.

KATHERINE HAMER

North Adams, Mass.

"There lies a deal of deviltry beneath that mild exterior."

HARK! Do I hear some one arguing? Sure enough, Katherine is at her favorite pastime again. Great is our delight when some unsuspecting teacher brings up a point which does not meet with her approval, for then we know that we may sit back in our seats with no fear of being called on for some time.



Katherine's ambition is to grow tall and incidentally to become an artist. She is a steady patron of the movies and keeps the dorm girls in touch with outside life during the week. Studying never worries "Ham" and it is indeed a rare thing to see her carrying home a book.

Katherine is a favorite with everyone and we all hope some day to see products of her art rival the works of Reni or Corregio.

Favorite expression—"Bingo."

Favorite occupation—Going to the Movies.

Favorite stunt—having fudge parties.

Course—Grammar Primary.

FLORENCE M. HUMPHREYS

South Shaftsbury, Vt.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."



FLORENCE, the girl with the brown eyes, can be dignified, but has come to be known as the champion "giggler" of the dormitory and is noted for keeping the girls up until after 10.15 P. M.

During her last year with us she had a well located room for a midnight spread. Who knows about a long knife, which was one of the necessities of the spread?

We all know there is no doubt but what Florence will get in trouble during her future life, but leave it to her to find the way out successfully.



MARGUERITE HANLON

Adams, Mass.

*She's clever and popular and pretty
Most vivacious and decidedly witty.
She has many admirers everyone knows
For she's always well attended wherever she goes.*

SINCE Marguerite entered Normal she has been our shining social star. She has, however, combined pleasure with study in such a way as to have obtained a good share of both.

As Junior President Peg handled class affairs on a level with President Wilson, himself. As a senior, she finally convinced us that she had too many other obligations to accept the honor a second time. Well—if "obligations" is another name for Williams' House Parties, Drury Frat Dances and so forth, then we know Peg was telling the truth.

She is a "Boorne Lover"—of music, consequently was chosen leader of the glee club.

Marguerite is very fond of chocolates. Wallace's being her favorite brand, and her favorite song, composed by this charming lady herself is entitled "Over the Roads He and I, in that Overland Fly."

We asked Peg if for Women's Rights She is pro or con,
And this is what she did recite
To the astonished looker-on.
"On this one question I am pro,
We'll win the cause e're long,
But in every other way I show
That I am strong for "Con."

IRENE KELLEY

North Adams, Mass.

*"She's little but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."*

HAS anyone here seen Kelley?" Just look out on the couch. Every noon sees Irene enthroned there with her studying (?). (As if anyone could study there.)

Irene is one of our stars in "Gym," and makes a wonderful guard in spite of her diminutiveness.

We cannot understand why she is always so anxious to attend the vaudeville every time a certain musical company comes to the city, or why she takes so many trips to a neighboring town on "Gym." afternoons. But the darkest mysteries someday explain themselves and perhaps we won't have to wonder long.

Favorite expression—"Well, did you get that?"

Favorite occupation—Going to church and movies.

Favorite stunt—crying.

Course—Grammar Primary.



GERTRUDE KILLARS

Stonington, Conn.

*"To those who know thee not,
No words can paint
And those who know thee know
All words are faint."*

TRAN! Do I hear a melodious voice floating down the corridor? Sure enough, here comes "Trudie" after her "roomy."

Trude hails from the wilds of Stonington, stock(ed) well with "Larkin's" goods.

We all ask, "Why are Trude's letters O K'd at the post office and ours are not?"

Trude has a little school on the horizon located in Mexico. Will it materialize?

GERTRUDE MARGARET KELLY

Dalton, Mass.

*"Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from
me.*

*Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never
agree."*

Nicknames—"Gert," "Kel."

Favorite exclamations—"Oh, that
one!" "Just like a regular guy!"

Favorite occupation—Keeping one
eye on the clock, the other on the door.

Ambition—"Oh, to be divinely slen-
der, and divinely beautiful."



EDITH GERTRUDE JOHNSON

Provincetown, Mass.

*Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own victory.*

WE are glad that "Johnny" decided
to appear at Normal for during
the two years she had been with us she
has won the love of all who know her.

Although "Too tired to study to-
night! I'll try to work a little in the morning!" is often
heard during many of Edith's evening visits, she is sure to
carry away from every recitation a capital "A" or a printed
"Ex."

There is no doubt but that she will make a splendid teacher.
Good luck and the greatest happiness is our heartiest wish for
her future life.

GLADYS M. LEONARD

Greenfield, Mass.

*"If you can't be the big sun with his cheery smile,
You can be a cheerful sunbeam for a little while."*

"GLAD-EYES," a jolly, healthy-looking girl is from Greenfield, where she likes to spend her week ends.

She is fond of outdoor sports and plays tennis with all her might; even helped our class to beat the class of 1915.

We feel sure that her motto is, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."



FLORENCE VIOLET LYMAN

E. Northfield, Mass.

*"In every work that she began,
She did it with all her heart."*

IN the fall of 1915, Violet was chosen to be the President of the Senior Class. Since that time she has graced us continually with her presence at our class meetings.

Nickname—"Vi."

Home—East Northfield, Mass.

Favorite college—Syracuse.

Favorite occupations—"Sliding," "Skating," "Mush Parties," "Writing 'love' letters."

Favorite stunt—Breaking Hearts.

Sayings—"I should worry."

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in a woman."



ANNA McCLATCHEY

North Adams, Mass.

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

ANNA is noted for the many vacations she sees fit to take. But of course they are all absolutely necessary.

Early in her Junior year Anna took a liking to "Vi" and the two have been inseparable ever since. On almost any Gym. afternoon you may see them wending their way toward the Empire or Richmond.

Anna gets on well in all her subjects but especially so in History. What a common thing it is to see Anna's the only hand raised in answer to some puzzling question asked by Mr. Smith.

It would not surprise us in the least if we should some day see a revised history of the world written by Miss Anna McClatchey.

Favorite expression—"Pon my soul."

Favorite occupation — Going to Springfield.

Course—Grammar Primary.



GRACE McKINSTRY

Chicopee, Mass.

*"The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful."*

TAKE a giggle, a continuous smile and a generous amount of good nature and you get Grace, our ex-house president.

Grace's giggle which begins with middle C and ascends to high G and back again is a standing joke at the "dorm."

How well we remember the nights of faithful watching which were spent on second floor as she conscientiously tried to put her "chicks" to roost. What trials we were!

We were all sorry to have Grace leave us so late in the year and hope she can finish very soon.



ELSA MEISTER

Pittsfield, Mass.

*"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."*

Nickname—"Elza" (accent on the penult).

Favorite exclamation—"Oh, gee!"

Favorite occupation—Getting up parties. Helping the helpless.

Ambition—To be President of the S. C. Club.



FLORENCE C. MOORE

Bennington, Vt.

*"Beautiful faces are those that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there,
Beautiful hands are those that do
Deeds that are noble, kind and true."*



FLORENCE, our nurse, has more work to do than any other girl in the dormitory, but still she always finds time to help anybody who may be in a fix and meets everything with a

beaming smile.

She is so ambitious to accomplish all lines of art, that she has even tried to "split wood."

Probably she will return to Vermont and teach in a graded school in Bennington, where we all know she will succeed.

ESTHER MORSE

Athol, Mass.

*"A happy soul, that all the day,
To heaven hath a summer day."*

DARK-EYED, dark-haired beauty!
Who else can it be than Esthah?

She is one of the kindergartners and is very much of a favorite at school among the children and also the girls in the house, and, I might add with a certain youth at Worcester "Tech" from which letters come in great numbers to brighten the dark hours of "dorm" life.

We all hope Esther will be able to carry out her private Kindergarten she tells us about. Good luck, Esther!



MINNIE MURDOCK

North Adams, Mass.

*"Have faith in nothing, but in industry,
Be at it late and early, persevere,
And work right on, through censure and
applause."*



NO, Minnie is not the daughter of our beloved principal. She is one of our sweetest friends, who, though little, contributes a big share toward helping things along. She firmly believes in persistence and "persists" in diligent labor especially during the time from 8.30 to 9 o'clock. Did we trouble you, Minnie? We all remember the goals she made for us as one of the basket ball girls. If all she attempts is carried out with the same success, we see fame coming to clasp hands with her.

KATHARINE O'CONNOR

Berkshire, Mass.

*"I am constant as the northern star;
Of whose true, fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."*

KATHARINE belongs to the "Trolley Brigade" and every morning travels many miles to learn the art of teaching. We are sure she will succeed in this, for she is a conscientious student and can be found many noon hours bent over a book (?), with her eyebrows raised trying to solve a puzzling question. But in spite of this, Katharine finds time to enjoy herself, to help others and is always ready for home about four-thirty, when you can hear her call, "Are you going to get this car?" The best wishes of 1916 attend her wherever she may go.



DORIS OLIVER

North Adams, Mass.

*"Quiet and well conducted,
But always ready for fun."*



TO look at Doris walking quietly along, one would never think she was vice-president of the class and she fills the position to perfection. Besides this she is a member of the Glee Club and distinguishes herself in the Alto section. Her favorite pastime is dancing and if we ever want her at noon hour we just need to peek in the "gym" to see Doris trying out a "new one." But never mind, Doris, may the greatest success follow you in all your future years.

HELEN MARGARET PIERCE

Bernardston, Mass.

*"Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink."*

HELEN is one of the most popular girls in 1916. She was Junior Treasurer, house president the last part of Senior year, a member of the Glee Club, of the cast for the Senior play, besides serving as well and faithfully on committees at various times. She is good at playing too as all the dormitory girls can tell you. Just to show you how popular she is, she has a shadow. Where goes Helen there goes Olive.

Nickname—Dolly.

Favorite occupation—Reforming the Normal School.

Favorite expression—"A little 'pep' now, girls."



JENNIE RUDNICK

Williamstown, Mass.

"Her hand was generous as her heart."



JENNIE is our star basketball player and is always ready to play. Just mention that Jennie is going to be in the game and you can see the opposing team begin to tremble. A ball going down the floor can be stopped at any point if Jennie's hands go up.

Jennie says she loves three things, basketball, chocolates, and one other that she wouldn't tell us, but we notice she never makes an engagement for Sunday night.

JANET ROONEY

North Adams, Mass.

*"After I have named the man I need say
no more."*

SOMEONE give me a pencil quick."

Was Janet ever known to have anything ready before the last minute? She is always in a hurry from the time she comes flying up the hill at 8.55 until she strolls home at night.

If you miss anything from a Frye's geography to a pin go to Janet's desk and you'll be sure to find it, but, on the other hand, if you want to borrow anything Janet is always ready to help you out.

We wonder why she was so dejected one week and why the next week she came to school sporting three new shirt waists and a pair of new shoes.

Everyone has his troubles and Janet's do not worry her long. We are sure that in spite of any handicaps she will succeed.

Favorite expression—"Careless yet nobby."

Favorite occupation—Telling news.

Favorite stunt—Borrowing.

Course—Household Arts.



MINNIE RUMLEY

North Adams, Mass.

*"The social, friendly, honest girl,
'Tis she fulfills great Nature's plan."*

MIN" is one of the Town girls who has worked steadily and quietly for two years, (except Monday and Wednesday afternoons), to become a real teacher. It is on these afternoons, that Minnie feels the need of a change, and so takes a walk in the direction of home.

Next year her afternoon walks will be substituted by morning walks to her own school, by which we hope she will continue to be benefitted.

Good luck and success is our heartiest wish for the coming years!



MARY TAFT

North Adams, Mass.

*"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime by a cuckoo bird."*

MARY is one of the best natured girls in our class and is always ready to lend a helping hand. Mae first came into the limelight at our Junior Frolic when she delighted our audience with her wonderful, monkey-like climbing stunts. Since that time she has been a star performer in the gymnasium, excelling in three pointer baskets and continuous somersaults. Mae's fine soprano voice has afforded us much pleasure at the Friday morning exercises. She is a notable member of the Glee Club. Although not especially fond of riding we predict that she will some day own a "Ford."



ANNA A. URBAN

Adams, Mass.

*"And still they gazed and still the wonder
grew,*

*How one small head could carry all she
knew."*



ANNA is our prodigy. She always knows her lessons and can always recite on any topic new or old. But this does not decrease her popularity because she is willing to impart her knowledge to any poor "hopeful" who has been out late the night before. As Captain, she led her basketball team through many victorious games. She has never been known to skip "Gym" and in the gymnasium is ready to "try anything once."

She says she is going to teach a long time but we wouldn't be surprised if, in the course of a year or two, she would "Tech" a trip to some place or other.

We have been wondering why Anna wishes to teach in Amherst but as a member of our faculty said, "Next to Williamstown, Amherst is the best place."

MARGARET WARREN

North Adams, Mass.

*"Of beauty is blessed with so amplea
share*

We call her the lass with the delicate air."

MARGARET started as vice-president of our Junior class but illness interrupted this administration when she was obliged to take a six month's vacation. When she returned this year the class of 1917 was not given the honor of having her for one of its members for 1916 just wouldn't think of letting her leave. Margaret is a prominent member of the Glee Club.



OLIVE MAY WARREN

Worcester, Mass.

*"She walks in Beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."*



OLIVE is one of 1916's cleverest girls. She was a member of the Glee Club, took part in the Senior play and served on various committees. She has brought to us many ideas from the "Heart of the Commonwealth,"

alias Worcester, the city of Prosperity. At first her ideas seemed radical but as time passes we realize that we are behind the times and she is up to date. It is almost impossible to think of Olive and not think of Helen for they are inseparable.

Nickname—"Dolly."

Favorite occupation—"Chasing down-town after Worcester Telegrams."

Favorite sayings—"O, I had a whiz of a time."

CELESTINE G. WIGHT

Hatfield, Mass.

*"Courageous, faithful and true
In everything she may do."*

SOME girls are not faithful to the church, but here is one who seldom has missed a Sunday or a prayer meeting during the past year and we do hope she will continue.

This slender, frail girl has put forth a great amount of effort to overcome her faults and in her future work we send with her the best wishes of 1916.



GLADYS WILLMOTT

Adams, Mass.

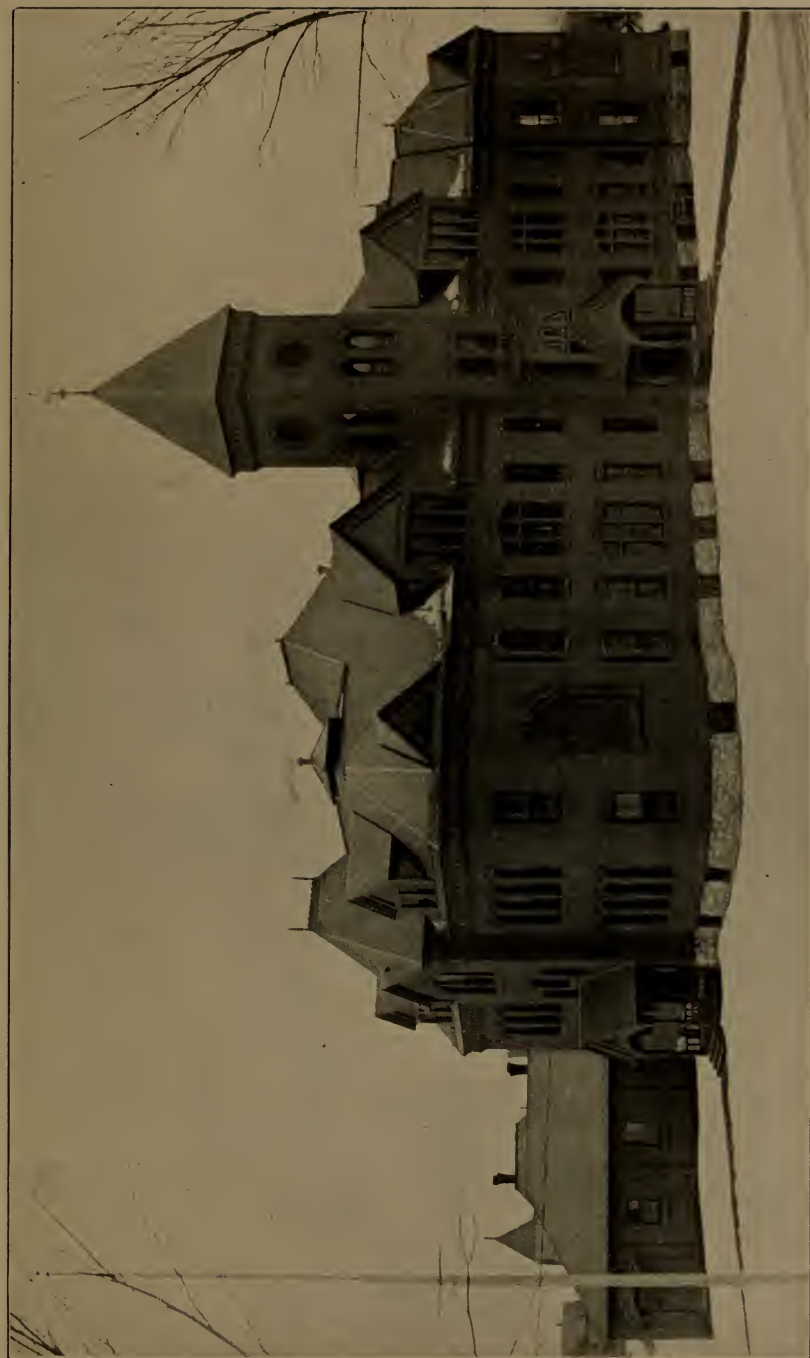
"To know her is to love her."



GLADYS is one of our athletic girls, being a member of the famous 1916 basketball team and having scored her point in all the "stunts" at gym, where she is always found during her spare (?) moments.

Because of her quiet interest in everything and everyone at normal, she has won her way into all our hearts and we are sorry that we will not be able to keep up our intimate association much longer.

However we wish her a successful teaching career.



MARK HOPKINS SCHOOL



SENIOR PLAY CAST

Class Play

"THE PRIMROSE PATH"

A MERRY interlude in the days of Good Queen Bess when they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world."

The rather dull Cranmore Castle holds a gay little lass in Lady Joyce, youngest daughter of Lord Nicholas Oliphant, master of the castle, who pines for excitement. The love affairs of her dignified sister, Olivia, brought about by a mischievous diversion of our lady, form the theme of the play.

ACT I. SCENE—Baronial hall of Cranmore Castle.

ACT II.—SCENE—Same as Act. I, in the evening.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

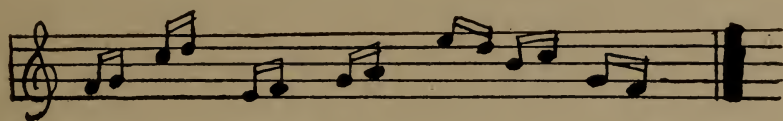
LADY OLIVIA, daughter of Sir Nicholas	Florence Humphreys
LADY JOYCE, younger sister of Olivia	Vera Brown
PHILLIS	{ Ladies in waiting
JANET	
URSULA, a nurse	Florence Berard
LORD NICHOLAS OLIPHANT, of Cranmore Castle	Anna Urban
LORD DUDLEY HUNSDEN, of Hunsden Park,	Janet Rooney
SIR KENNETH GRAHAM, of Surrey, masquerading	Marquerite Hanlon
SIR WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS, of Williams	Manor House
	Katharine O'Connor
JOHN JACKSTRAW, a nephew of Sir Nicholas	Gertrude Killars
ROBIN, a page	Katherine Hamer
PETER, a porter	Camilla Cole
ROSE	{
ANN	
JOAN	
DELIA	
	{ Beatrice Donovan
	{ Helen Pierce
	{ Gladys Leonard
	{ Beatrice Green
TOBY, a servant to Sir Willoughby	Frances Haley

The stage was appropriately decorated with shields, spears, copper plates and furniture such as was used at this time. The girls were beautifully costumed, the ladies wearing soft flowing gowns, the maids bodices and full skirts and the gentlemen knee breeches and velvet cloaks.

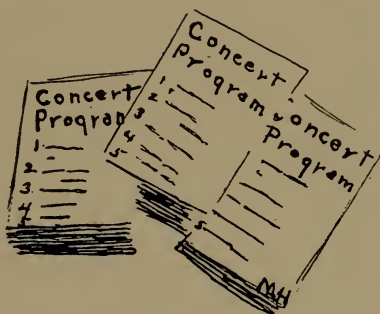
Due credit is given Miss Baright, who so thoroughly drilled the cast, and we must not forget Miss Skeele who trained Miss Killars in the dance which was one of the hits of the evening. The Freshman orchestra of Williams College rendered a fine musical program between acts, and Miss Mary Dickinson of the class played well for the dance and the solos.



THE PRIMROSE PATH



G L E E C L U B



Members

MARGUERITE HANLON	- - - - -	Leader
MARY DICKINSON	- - - - -	Pianist
ANNA A. URBAN	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer
FLORA CORRIGAN	- - - - -	Librarian

MARION BRYANT
MARGARET BUZZELL
LYLE CHANDLER
BEATRICE DONOVAN
FRANCES HALEY
MINNIE MURDOCK
GERTRUDE KILLARS
VIOLET LYMAN
DOROTHY LYNCH
ESTHER MORSE
LILLIAN MORRIER
MARIE NASH
HAZEL NICHOLS

HELEN PIERCE
ETHEL SACKETT
MARY TAFT
OLIVE WARREN
AGNES LASHWAY
ISABEL LARKIN
THENIS ENGEL
MARY MACLAREN
ELIZABETH MULCARE
SARAH CAROLAN
MARION WAITE
ANNA FALLON
DORIS OLIVER

MARGARET WARREN



GLEE CLUB

GLEE CLUB NOTES

"We merry minstrels soft music enjoy
For music doth hatred and malice destroy."

WHILE boasting of the many attractive features of our school, the glee club is worthy of great consideration.

Each Wednesday and Friday noon, in response to the Normal School call, thirty-one prima-donnas (?) flocked to the assembly for a rehearsal. For twenty minutes the rest of the school enjoyed (?) listening to the "loo" up and down the scale and our other exercises. But practice makes perfect. Did we not prove this at our recital on June second?

Our greatest appreciation goes out to Miss Searle for her untiring help, and encouraging words and smiles which drew us on to success.

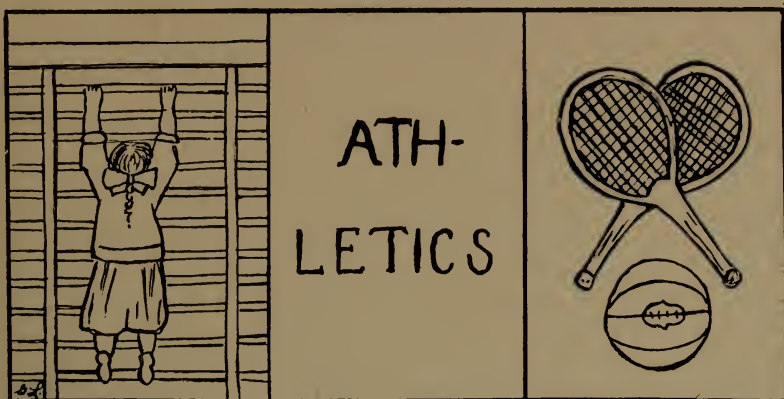
—*Flora M. Corrigan.*



GLEE CLUB



BASKETBALL TEAM



Here's to the Seniors!!! Hear their cry—

V-I-C-T-O-R-Y

THE class of 1916 will long be remembered at Normal for their athletic ability by the Faculty, Seniors, Juniors, and every other team with whom they came in contact.

When we entered Normal in the fall of 1914, Miss Skeele so quickly recognized that we had rare ability for her to develop, that she called the Seniors and warned them to look out for their laurels. Shortly after the warning we issued them a challenge to meet us some afternoon in the "gym" for a game of stationary basketball.

Then it was that they found out the warning was true. They worked hard every minute and because of their experience (not superior playing) they won the victory by a few hard earned points.

Because of our first brilliant showing, Miss Skeele asked us if we would like to give an exhibition and invite our friends. When we trotted into the "gym" that never-to-be-forgotten evening in March, our joy knew no bounds, especially when the loud applause of the chosen friends greeted every performance. During the evening the Berkshire girls and Taconic girls danced, climbed, somersaulted and last of all the rival teams played basketball. The Berkshires piled up a score which the Taconic could not overcome.

During the winter we spoiled the Senior's favorite saying: "Never mind, you can beat the Juniors. They're dead easy,"

by defeating the teams to whom that consoling fact had been offered.

In the spring we introduced a new sport into the school known as the favorite American game, baseball. Although none of us were hired for the big leagues during the summer, we accomplished some admirable feats in pitching curves, catching, sliding and once in a while making a home run.

The best surprise for the Seniors came at the "Field Day," held in front of Taconic Hall. Into which both classes entered with spirit and zest. Before long the Seniors discovered that they had to hurry. For the Juniors were their superiors in handling the wheelbarrow, hoop, bow and arrow, and in end-ball. Incidentally the Faculty were surprised to find out how well the Juniors had learned (from their gardening?) to draw the wheelbarrow.

The sun had set a long time before the Seniors won the tennis game, which gave them the highest score, and the victory, and perhaps (?) a bit of fear and respect for the mighty Juniors.

When we entered, as Seniors, last fall much more was expected of us and we have tried our best to live up to the expectations.

At the dormitory the Seniors defeated the Juniors one evening after study hour. Then the Seniors' team soundly "trounced" the Juniors in stationary. The Juniors stood as if spell-bound at the way the Seniors used their hands, legs and heads to guard a circle yet never (?) had a foul called for over guarding or getting into the circle.

As Seniors, we were also taught how to manage a class and the duties of a referee. Quickly we learned to sound a noiseless whistle. And willingly (?) the rest of the class suffered injustice as every new referee took the whistle to have charge of the game.

Again the class gave an exhibition to raise funds for the class treasury. Our time was limited for practicing but a creditable showing was made and a neat sum earned.

At the spring term some of the girls felt lonesome and ill-used when it was announced that we must teach in the after-

noon. But we soon learned that a difficult task performed before a pleasant one gave more pleasure.

For two years we have shown rare (?) ability and perseverance. And the future classes must not censure us for displaying such ability in "gym." We know and realize the high standards we have established and how hard the future classes will have to strive to keep within our standard. But do not try too hard because no other class can accomplish what the class of 1916 could.

—*Mary Louise Dempsey.*





Reading Class—(after explanation of phrase “God Bless You” when someone sneezed.)

Miss Baright—“What do we say now day’s about the sneeze?”

Senior—“God help you.”

Drawing Class—(Study ingpicture of “Education,” in assembly hall.)

Miss Pearson—(pointing to scroll in Learning’s hand)

“I wonder what this scroll is he has?”

Senior—“A lesson plan.”

Sewing Class:

Senior to Classmate—“Are you all basted up yet?”

Senior—“Yes, one side—half-way up.”

Zoology Class:

Mr. Smith—“What are some of the things with which a bird feels?”

Senior—“His feet.”

Mr. Smith—“Did you ever have a parrot *bite* you?”

Class—“No.”

Mr. Smith—“They can really nip and break very hard nuts.”

Reading Class—(after reading about the aunt and the skipper in Whittier’s “Snowbound.”)

Senior (reading)—“The aunt was an old skipper.”

Miss Baright—“What is a skipper?”

Senior—“One who skips.”

GEOGRAPHY

Mr. Smith—"What would you see growing in these states, Miss Green?"

Miss Green—"Grains, forests, and copper."

Miss Killars gave us the important information one day that—"rivers form valleys by throwing up soil."

Mr. Smith—"What was an important factor which helped to develop manufacturing in Massachusetts?"

Miss Corcoran (thoughtfully)—"The rivers furnished steam."

HISTORY

Mr. Smith—"Why weren't all people in this class made exceedingly bright?"

Miss Dempsey—"They say that variety is the spice of life."

Miss Urban (teaching in the history class)—"What is the use of the children studying biography?"

Miss Lyman—"The children get ideals from them the same as from *any* fairy story."

Miss McClatchey (taking charge of the class)—"What was peculiar about the Penn Charter School?"

Miss Rudnick—"The boys and girls were allowed to go together."

Mr. Smith—"Why did the British want Adams and Hancock?"

Miss Bryant (hesitatingly)—"Oh Adams was the head of, you know, that thing in Boston."

Mr. Smith—"What did King Henry VIII give as an excuse to divorce Catherine?"

Miss Dempsey—"He said, I must have a male son."

ZOOLOGY

Mr. Smith—"Explain how a snail closes up his shell, Miss Urban."

Miss Urban (confidently)—"There is something in the shell that closes up when he's *all in*."

Mr. Smith—"Compare the breathing of the grass hopper with man's."

Miss Rumley—"Man breathes through his mouth. A grasshopper breathes through his abdomen."

Miss Hamer amused the class very much one day by telling us that "if the grasshopper had no enemies, he would be full of the country."

Mr. Smith—"What things would *you* take up concerning the cat, Miss Lyman?"

Miss Lyman—"Why, I think it would be interesting for children to know that a cat can't stand on its hind legs like a person can."

Mr. Smith—"What is the advantage of having a segmented body?"

Miss A. Fallon—"If one segment falls off, it won't hurt so much."

Mr. Smith—"What are the bird's organs of feeling?"

Miss Pierce (slowly)—"The birds' *important* organs of feeling are the feet and bill."

Mr. Smith—"How does a bee carry the nectar to his hive?"

Miss Corrigan—"In a bag."

LITERATURE

Miss Baright—"Why did you not get a knight?" (meaning the picture of a knight.)

Miss O'Connor—"Well, I couldn't find one loose."

Miss Humphreys (trying to get the class to tell her the characteristics of an ideal woman)—“What kind of a woman would *you* like to be, Miss (G.) Kelly?”

Miss Kelly (with ardor)—“Beautiful and divinely slender.”

MISCELLANEOUS

Mr. Smith (after a divorce question discussion)—“Was it all right for the man to get out because he didn’t like what he got to eat?”

Miss Killars—“Yes. He might have indigestion.”

Miss Johnson (at luncheon, after having been told by Mr. Smith that vegetable milk is being made from the soy bean)—“Miss Waterman, did you know that men are making milk out of grass now?”

What happened to Miss Lyman that caused her to misjudge her distance when trying to be seated in Geography class?

We all wonder why the camera happened to break when Miss McClatchey was having her picture taken.

Miss Skeele (concluding directions for the proper sitting position)—“And be *sure* to put all *four* of your legs (chair legs on the floor.)”

What is the reason that Mr. Smith should ask Miss Meister to give the activities of the ostrich?

Miss Skeele—“Give the directions for the next exercise, Miss Dickinson.”

Miss Dickinson—“Hips firm, heel lift, stride, jump apart.”

Olive Warren informed us the other day that she was horrified one morning to see her feet walking into the dining room a black slipper on ^{one} foot and a gray one on the other as the result of a frantic attempt to reach her table before the morning meal was over.

Florence Moore, having much difficulty in translating the New England Primer, made this startling remark—"Turn (train) up the child in the way he should go."

We were all greatly surprised and amused by Miss Dempsey's discovery that a painted Zoo (Sioux) is an Indian.

Miss Brown (discussing the lesson in Education)—"What is intelligence? "

"Peg" Fallon—"Oh, I haven't got that."

LOST—A kitchen bread knife, on the evening of February 24, 1916 some place between kitchen and third floor. Finder please return to bread-board and receive reward.

FOUND—A kitchen bread knife, on duty between midnight and the wee hours of morning, in a certain room on third floor. Owner call and receive property at bread-board after six a. m. February 25, 1916.

LOST—A dozen date cupcakes. Finder please return to cake box.

During one Geography period after the Spring vacation.

Mr. Smith—"Miss Johnson, what did you see while you were away? "

Miss Johnson—"Nothing, I stayed in North Adams."

JOKES FROM H. A. DEPT.

Miss Knowlton—(to class who has just tested cheap candy)—"Examine the fudge you have left. What do you notice about the 'grain'? "

Class—"There isn't any candy left."

Miss K.—"What did you do with it? "

Class—"We ate it!"

Miss Sholes—"Add a handful of salt to each kettle of tomatoes."

Janet Rooney (misunderstanding)—"What sort of a 'pan' is salt supposed to be measured in? "

Miss Sholes—"From what is linen obtained? "

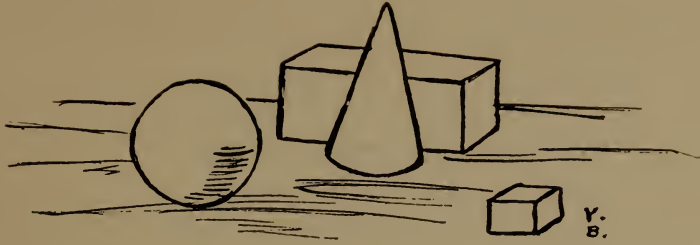
E. Eno—"From the silk worm."

Mr. S.—"Under what section in geography does rainfall come? "

Miss McC.—(absently)—"Political."

Student—"Did you take a shower bath? "

Second Student—"No. Is there one missing? "



Abececlary Classification

Ambitious—Anna Urban
Athletic—Jennie Rudnick
Attractive—Gertrude Kelley
Bright—Katherine O'Connor
Comical—Marguerite Hanlon
Confident—Frances Haley
Cute—Vera Brown
Dignified—Genevieve Eno
Diligent—Gladys Leonard
Efficient—Violet Lyman
Energetic—Beatrice Donovan
Exclusive—Olive Warren
Faithful—Florence Moore
Generous—Helen Pierce
Good Natured—Thelma Donovan
Happy—Ethel Eno
Important—Mary Dickinson
Impulsive—Esther Morse
Independent—Thenis Engel
Joker—Camilla Cole
Jolly—Janet Rooney
Keen—Katherine Hamer
Lady-like—Beatrice Green
Loveable—Lila Feeley

Modest—Edith Johnson
Mirthful—Grace McKinstry
Nimble—Irene Kelley
Optimistic—Gladys Willmott
Particular—Florence Humphreys
Pleasant—Minnie Rumley
Quiet—Elsa Meister
Refined—Leah Howarth
Responsive—Minnie Murdock
Retiring—Margaret Fallon
Shy—Marion Bryant
Sensible—Mary Durnin
Talkative—Mary Dempsey
Thoughtful—Sarah Delphy
Unassuming—Anna McClatchey
Unconcerned—Laura Flanders
Virtuous—Celestine Wight
Vivacious—Mary Taft
Vigorous—Ellen Corcoran
Witty—Gertrude Killars
Xact—Flora Corrigan
Yielding—Doris Oliver
Zealous—Florence Berard

Response to Seniors

DEAR friends, members of the faculty and graduating class, you are soon to say to us, the school and faculty, the solemn parting word "Good bye," and as we extend our hands to you, in final greetings, in sadness, not in gladness, our language like your own, must be, "Farewell! Good bye!"

A little while ago when you gave us a cordial welcome to the school, our greetings were those of strangers, but during the brief interval in which our lives have been associated with you here, friendships have developed, which will not be soon forgotten.

Here, within the fostering care of our own, excellent Normal school, you have been aided in the formation of new ideals, that doubtless you did not possess when it received you. As you go out into the world is it your purpose to exemplify in the school room and in your intercourse with pupils and parents of pupils the ideals and principles of the school you are leaving today? Are you determined that your lives will be so fully influenced by these principles and ideals, that they will, in effect, be an appeal to Alma Mater, similar to that of Ruth of ancient Moab, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee." If this be true, then will come back to you, her inspiring response, "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." Verily, though the world is a large place and as we think of its countless human millions, our individual insignificance is rudely forced upon us, yet for each of you, there will be a place to go and a place of lodgment.

To what points of the compass will the class of 1916 journey? Many will perhaps seek fields of labor in this dear old Bay State. Others may journey to the white winter lands of the North, some perhaps to the blossoms and sunshine of the South, and still others to the wide rolling prairies of the West. But wherever you go and wherever you find lodgment, be it near

or far away, so long as you seek to honor the ideals of Alma Mater, her spirit will accompany and dwell with you.

The little human creatures of the school room are to become the men and women of the future. Of what sort are they to be? When a lady asked a little pupil of a New York city school, what he expected to be when he grew up, he replied, "I don't know yet, teacher hasn't got through with me." Evidently he did not expect to be a self made man.

Of late we have wondered if this little fellow or another like him, should chance to come under the future instruction of any of the present senior class of this Normal school whether psychology would play a prominent part in his making, or whether to him as it has been to some others, who never study it, it would remain a dark and unsolved subject. And then again, we have wondered if he were fashioned according to the plans and specifications of any member of the class graduating today, whether his digestive powers would be equal to five meals per day, and whether those grand and glorious things, his ideals and ideas would ever be able to rise above crackers.

Dear friends, we are made sad at the thought that when we come back in September you will not be with us. No, you will be teaching the young Idea, the proper way to shoot and you will be laying down rules, whether gold, or brass or silver, we dare not prophesy. Yes, you will be measuring out lessons and your sweet authority by the yard, when we return to occupy the places you make vacant for us now.

We shall return to study among other things that mysterious, baffling subject psychology and possibly, as you have done, to shake our heads in doubt and say, "Alas! We know it not." We shall return to humbly tread in your most noble foot prints, having for our encouragement, these lines—

"Lives of great ones all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot prints, on the sands of time."

But here we pause at that word, "foot prints," pause in doubt and pause to question, whether we the class of 1917, will ever be able to snugly fit number one shoes into number six foot prints.

We imagine this will be a matter of greater difficulty for us, even than to recite psychology, when we haven't looked into a book and wouldn't know the lesson if we did, or to shyly feast on crackers when assembled in the class.

Ah! dear Seniors, who perhaps love sleep better than breakfast—yet have been advised to eat five meals per day, even if you only eat a cracker, have you found it really true that bread, or rather crackers, with you—thus eaten in secret is deliciously sweet?

However, whether shoes fit foot prints or foot prints adapt themselves to shoes matters not, we must submit to the inevitable. We must strive to master problems, difficulties, doubts and fears, and all without a biscuit.

Dear friends, as the gates to the future are swinging wide to let you pass, we again bid you one by one farewell, and if by any chance our pathways may never cross again, let us hope that like MacLaren's good Scotch Domsie and his pupils, we may all "meet some mornin' where the skule never skails, in the kingdom of oor Father."

Florence Humphreys.



Class History

"HISTORY repeats itself." Surely you have all heard that quotation, and, no doubt, most of you believe it. In some instances that has been true of the history of the class of 1916. However, although we have had some of the same events to record which have taken place in the lifetime of other classes, there is a vast amount of difference in the way in which these affairs were carried out. There are also a few happenings to our credit of which no previous class can boast.

In order that posterity may fully realize the tremendous importance of this class many of the trials which beset them must be related.

On a windy Wednesday afternoon in September, 1914, fifty-four slightly frightened but thoroughly elated young ladies assembled in Normal Hall and were enrolled as the Class of 1916. Despite our abundance of self-appreciation the next day we commenced to learn that sad lesson which all who leave High School must some day learn, namely, we did not have as much knowledge as we thought we did, but that was no blot on our honor because we proved our worth by learning our lesson very quickly.

It was not difficult for us to fit ourselves to our new lives as we were a very accomplished and tactful group of young ladies. If our pillows were soaked with tears at night, no one was one bit the wiser in the morning, another fact which proved our superiority, because you know, "great hearts suffer in silence."

Realizing that we were an honor to the school the Seniors treated us very courteously. But in spite of the superior quality of our members the faculty saw to it that our spirits were sufficiently chastened.

Who of us had ever troubled her head about analagous or complementary harmony! Yet Miss Pearson set about to teach us the mysteries of the realm of art and those of us who were not born Millets or Rubens were made miserable by the process.

We likewise discovered that our art education was not the only thing which had been neglected. In the mathematics room, Miss Searle, daily did her best to impress form and number upon our already over worked brain with the result that many a "see-me-at-once" slip was handed out to unfortunate individuals. As the year wore on many otherwise brave and optimistic people were heard to sigh and say, "If I can only pass Arithmetic, how happy I shall be" and the cry was taken up by other lips until it became the true Junior refrain.

We never anticipated trouble in Miss Baright's class because of course we were all prize essay writers and able conversationalists. Ah, were we? Well, perhaps, but we discovered that there was much room for improvement; however, that was not our chief trouble in that room. To our disgust and discomfort our instructor began to make dramatists out of our talented class. The results of her efforts I'll not relate to you but will leave to your kind imagination.

"But we welcomed each rebuff
That turned earth's smoothness rough."

As one by one strange things were revealed to us. One day, Mr. Smith took us for a walk and piloted us down the street to a dump which was covered with weeds. There we had a lesson those much abused and despised plants and it is to be hoped that some children in some rural district will benefit next Fall by the knowledge gained by us that day.

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

All those agonizing trials merely served to make us what you behold today, a cheerful, brilliant, optimistic group of young women.

There was one thing which did a great deal toward softening the trials of these weary days for us and that was the whirl of social events.

One morning when we came we found the Seniors gathered in groups talking excitedly together and occasionally casting glances in our direction. It was all mysterious but later in the day we found out the cause. It seemed it had always been the custom of the school to give the new class a reception. This

reception was soon to take place. Our Senior friends were very much worried. How were they going to conduct themselves with the right amount of dignity in the eyes of so many Juniors!

At last the affair took place and left no stain on the record of our class. On the contrary it gave them new dignity in the the eyes of their teachers and fellow students.

But, rushing on the wings of time came an event which was to test our ability in managing a social affair instead of merely participating in one. We were told that we were to give the Seniors a Halloween Party. After many misgivings on our part the Social was given. As to its success we will not be vainglorious enough to tell you about it but when you meet a member of last year's class just ask her.

When Arbor Day came we planted a tree. It is still alive and we earnestly hope that grief at parting with us will not affect it.

Excepting for hard work life was rather quiet all after Arbor Day until June "rolled around with its roses." Then we graciously gave the Seniors the honor of our capable assistance at their graduation and Class Day exercises.

Then when the toil of the year was over we packed our trunks and journeyed homeward for our long vacation, glad in our secret hearts that we were to return as Seniors in the Fall.

One by one the golden summer days flitted by until at last September ninth found us occupying the seats of honor in the Assembly Hall. They say that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," which must be true for we were happy to be together again.

The following week we took up our duties at the training school. Some of us will never forget our experiences there. A few of the ne'er-to-be forgotten things connected with teaching are lesson plans, often times four pages long, lengthy tete-a-tetes with our room teacher, frowning looks and expressions of disgust in undertones from the children and last but not least, that sinky feeling 'round the heart when we patiently awaited our criticisms at night. Even amidst such trials our unflagging spirits arose and in the darkest hour, if we sought, we were able to find a gleam of light for our own New England poet has told us that

"We see what we have the gift of seeing,
Whatever we bring we find."

In December, Governor Walsh paid a visit to the school and gave us all a little talk. Although we were the first Senior Class who had the privilege of listening to a real governor in our Assembly Hall, we are generous enough to hope that every succeeding class will have the same honor bestowed on them.

The next occurrence of note was the Class Play, "The Primrose Path," given May twelfth wherein some of us proved that our Class could do other things beside teach the youth their rule of three. It would never do, however, to tell the effort required to accomplish some of these things. Could you pitch your voice down in your shoes in order to speak like a man in the brave days of old? Could you be cruel to your lover when he came awooing? Could you make love when a whole hall of people were gazing at you? Could you fight a duel if you had hitherto lived a peaceful life? Could you act the part of the fool if you were usually a sensible young lady? I have no doubt but that you could do them all but I think you would find that they required much effort. Try some of them and without a doubt you'll appreciate the wonderful talent possessed by our class.

The Glee Club Concert was held later but by this time people were no longer surprised at our marvelous successes but they now took them as a matter of course.

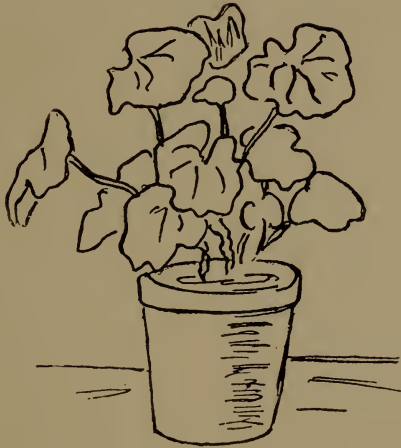
Our history would not be complete nor would you thoroughly realize our extreme greatness, if you did not know something of our Psychology class. In that gathering some facts were taught to us which hurt our feelings. Did you know that you were an infant until you were about twenty-five years of age? Well, you are. Perhaps you don't like the idea. We didn't either. We discovered that we were related to certain animals such as horses and dogs and also learned many psychological and philosophical truths. Heart-broken were we sometimes because it took so much time to learn these things but those "Sorrows remembered sweeten the present joy."

Tomorrow the last event in our History is to take place. It is the goal toward which we set our eyes two years ago. In

the evening of tomorrow we will separate each to go her own way. But deep down in the hearts of us all will be a spot reserved for the memory of our teachers and our school. If the lives of us all are fuller, richer or better it is because of the untiring efforts of our instructors and the ennobling influence of our Alma Mater. Thus the Class of 1916 bids them both an affectionate farewell, while that class places herself in the hands of Fate but

“Let Fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy.
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care
And bring back the features which joy used to wear.
Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.

Katharine A O'Connor.



Class Prophecy

by

Beatrice Donovan

IT was midsummer night and I had settled myself down intending to read some weird tale to pass the evening.

Picking up the book which lay nearest me, I opened it to Dickens' Christmas Carol, and thinking it unlucky to change, I decided to read it, though it was quite inappropriate to the season.

I read for a while and upon turning one page I was surprised to find the graduation program of 1916 being used as a bookmark. Taking it up, I read over the girls' names thinking that, though we parted only a few weeks ago, our class was even now scattered, perhaps never to be reunited.

I pondered over the names, wondering what the future would bring to each and every one, for I knew that although we were all starting as teachers, time would bring many changes and the future would find many of our classmates in different walks of life.

Suddenly I realized that I was not alone in the room, and looking up I saw three girls, sisters, yet how different in appearance!

The first, Normal Past, of medium height, with shoulders slightly stooped and hair streaked with gray, led the way.

Next came Normal Present, tall, straight, and two years the junior of her sister.

Was it my imagination, or did the room suddenly seem brighter when Normal Future, a dainty little maid with dazzling golden hair approached?

I asked them to be seated and tell me their mission.

By right of age Normal Past spoke first. She told me of a class of fifty girls meeting for the first time in the fall of 1914; of their joys and sorrows; of their works and pleasures; of their trials and troubles with Geometry, Cooking, Gymnastics, Psychology and the rest.

Scarcely had she ceased speaking when Normal Present took up the story. She spoke to me of their dignity of the pride their parents feel in them; of their curly locks pushed back straight from their foreheads, and their lonesomeness at parting.

Was Normal Future so much more talented than her sisters, that I found myself sitting up and eagerly devouring the information she was giving me?

"What changes 1924 will see in these same girls Sister Present has been telling about!" she began.

"Who would have thought that Katharine O'Connor, after becoming acquainted with a certain Star, would surrender to astronomy?

"Margaret Warren, true to her youthful ambition, is the matron of an orphan asylum.

"And oh! What wonders the Glee Club can work! New York is quite enthused over the appearance of a new operatic singer, Helen Pierce, who has made her star hit with the song,

"In the lane there is a swain
I dearly love myself."

"Marguerite Hanlon has become head and sole owner of a "Cutlery" concern in the Middle West, with Vera Brown settled happily nearby.

"And are all here in the United States?" I asked.

Oh no!" she answered. "Violet Lyman and Celestine Wight are neighbors in a small town of Alaska, while Frances Haley has at last realized her dream of 'Chinatown, my Chinatown.'

"And what of Camilla Cole?" I inquired.

"Two years after leaving Normal, Camilla was married to a man named Char. The headlines in the paper read, 'Char-Cole Wedding.' Now they are seated around a fireplace with a few little cinders near them, while the embers of their hearth-fires are burning brightly.

"Laura Flanders has invented a machine which will milk cows and sweep the floor at the same time, and has tried it out successfully at the Farming School of Genevieve and Ethel Eno.

"One of the greatest ventures of the year, a venture which started as a trial and ended as a crowning success is a society

camp managed by Ellen Corcoran and Thelma Donovan. It is situated at beautiful Windsor Lake and is run for the entertainment of the Normal girls.

"Henry Ford has taken Marion Bryant into partnership because of her invention of an attachment by which this auto can be heard only a quarter of a mile away.

"Florence Berard, after studying for awhile, had become a dentist in a comb factory, putting teeth in broken combs.

"A new comic opera called 'The Rosebud Garden of Girls' has for its leading lady, Florence Humphries. Other members of the cast are Sadie Delphy, Beatrice Greene and Minnie Rumley and Thenis Engel is leader of the orchestra.

"The most wonderful playground in Western Massachusetts where Electrical swings are the main feature, is now being managed by Gladys Fraleigh.

"With a well-earned laurel wreath crowning her intellectual brow, Gladys Leonard has acquired fame and fortune by compiling a 'Dictionary of 1001 Excuses For All Occasions,' of which there was an unprecedented sale.

"Olive Warren is owner of a watch factory and employs thousands of people to make faces.

"And has women suffrage been overlooked by our brilliant class?" I inquired.

"No," answered Normal Future. "Women have at last come into their rights and Massachusetts boasts of Vice-President Urban, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Senator Wilmott from Adams.

"Mary Dempsey, having acquired a certain fondness for 'Bills,' has become a cashier in a bank because there is money in it.

"Irene Kelley and Janet Rooney are Red Cross Nurses working in the trenches saving men. Statistics show that one hundred female applicants from the United States are on the waiting list.

"Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through," was Mary Dickinson's motto as she settled down quietly the other side of the tunnel.

"Through the efforts of Margaret Fallon and Katherine Hamer, Blackinton now boasts a novel roof-garden and moving-picture theatre which gets its films from the Killars Company, two of the actresses which are Dixie Dale, formerly Gertrude

Kelley, and Minnie Murdock, the modern Mary Pickford. Between reels, solos are rendered by the Melba of the Berkshires, Mary Taft, made famous as the composer of the popular song, 'If the Trees Around the Flatiron Could Talk.' "

"And what of Grace McKinstry?" I inquired.

"Grace has followed up her Normal training and a head of a Kindergarten School in Springfield is assisted by Florence Moore and Lila Feeley.

"Flora Corrigan has made a trip around the world trying to discover new lands, and has not yet given up 'Hope.'

"As supervisor of cooking in a prominent domestic science school, Mary Durnin is winning great laurels for herself teaching young wives to cook the things that mother used to make," and thus to retain the undying affection of their husbands.

"Jennie Rudnick, wife of a prominent citizen, has started a gymnastic school for girls in New York, educating them in the gentle art of breaking necks and putting limbs out of joint in the most modern and painless methods.

"The most popular contractor of the age is Doris Oliver, and though most contractors like to build of stone, Doris prefers 'Wood,' which she buys almost wholly from the 'Forest' of Esther Morse. Her latest piece of work has been the building of large 'Hall' for Anna McClatchy in which Edith Johnson and Leah Howarth are to conduct a dancing class for the girls of Agnes Fallon's boarding-school. The latest dances being taught are the 'Taconic Toddle' and the 'Lunchroom Wiggle,' a 'soup'-ercilious slide."

"I think there is someone else," I said.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "Artists are raving over Elsa Meister whose drawings and paintings are said to be worth thousands of dollars."

She ceased speaking, and after a moment's silence I questioned. "Is that all?"

"Yes," she answered, "count them and see."

I began, "one, two, three,—four, five, six, . . ." it seemed as though she were striking a gong as I counted, . . . "seven, eight, nine, . . ." the sound was growing fainter—"ten, eleven . . ." it had stopped!

"Eleven!" I cried. She appeared not to hear me.

"Eleven!" I repeated, this time a little louder.

I heard a crash and sat up suddenly.

"Yes," a voice near me said, "eleven o'clock and time you were in bed, instead of sleeping in that big chair."

By this time I was wide awake and realized that it was the falling of my book and the old Grandfather clock which had called me back from Dreamland.



Prophery Upon Prophet

(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

As one who comes at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses o'er the faces of the friends that she has known,
So I turn the leaves of Future, till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old classmate of mine.

As a teacher over children whose delight it is to learn,
Sweet, yet dignified I see her, as the leaves I quickly turn
Well-beloved by her pupils, less like *teacher* than like *friend*;
Or a gentle older sister, pointing out the path to trend.

Then to college as instructor in psychology's mystic lore,
I can see her gain such laurels as she never gained before;
A favorite with the faculty, adored by every class,
Fortune's sunshine beams upon her, as another leaf I pass.

With eyes still gazing future-ward, I see her on a ship
As personal conductor on a European trip
Three score of seminary girls, who worship at her shrine,
Care less for European sights than for her smile benign.

To England, France and Germany, to Italy and Spain,
She leads them morning, noon and night, in sunshine
and in rain,
In search of worlds to conquer and more wonders to relate;
Till at last in lovely Venice our fair prophet meets her fate.

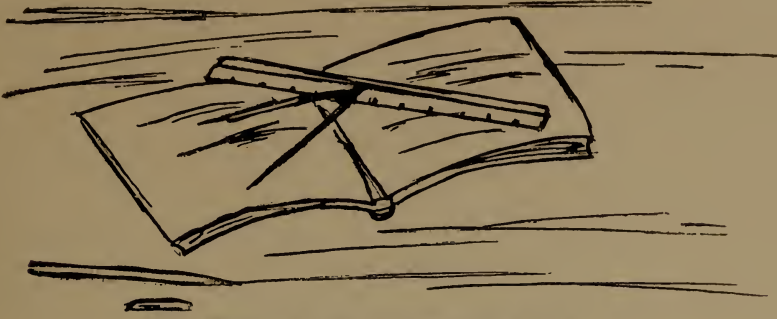
A Berkshire multi-millionaire, quite captured by her charm,
Accomplished his one heart's-desire, to shield her from all harm;
He shared with her his name and fame, his fortune and his
home,
Then journeyed to America, resolved no more to roam.

On dear North Adams' wooded heights, beside fair Windsor
Lake,
He builds an ideal seminary, for her dear sake;
A rival to the Normal School, but larger, better far,
With this motto o'er the gateway, "Hitch your wagon to a
star."

And so the album closes, Future's pictures fade away
Like the last sweet gleam of sunshine on a golden summer day;
And still lingering o'er Life's album, I pray Heaven itself
to bless,
And to fill our prophet's future with the glory of success.

Flora Corrigan.





Will of the Class of 1916

KNOW all men by these presents that we, the class of 1916 of the Normal School of the City of North Adams in the County of Berkshire and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposed mind and memory, do hereby make this our last will and testament, revoking all former wills by us made and bequeathing as follows:

To Mr. Murdock: one hundred golden hours, said hours having accumulated since the middle of February, when we learned so well how to study that the hours allotted in the school curriculum for study were superabundant, and consequently the use of approximately one hundred hours was not necessary. To express our appreciation to Mr. Murdock for the knowledge of this time saving device of clear thinking, we hereby bequeath the aforementioned unused hours.

To the Faculty: any atoms of knowledge which we have failed to absorb, on condition that they be renovated before being presented to future classes.

To the Training School Teachers: the deep appreciation of our valued instruction shown by the pupils of "Mark Hopkins."

To the Owners of Moving Picture Theatres: all seats hitherto occupied regularly Friday and Saturday evenings by the Class of '16—on condition that the entering class of North Adams Normal School be given first option of rental of said seats.

To the Juniors: In addition to the traditional heirlooms of previous Seniors, the ineradicable memory of the illustrious class of 1916, and the opportunity to follow in their footsteps.

To our Alma Mater: The class of 1915 to protect and cherish until they are sufficiently improved to be let loose into the world to further the work of the teacher as she inspires the youth of the nation to pursue the path of knowledge.

In witness whereof we sign our name.

CLASS OF 1916.

Witnesses:

PAST,
PRESENT,
FUTURE.



Address to Juniors

Florence M. Humphreys

MEMBERS of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen and members of the Junior Class. Dear friends.

We, the class now graduating in these final, sacred hours that mark the close of our happy association and student life with you, pause in solemn and reflective mood before we say "Good-bye."

Imagination paints for us a picture and places us at the doorway of our dear old Normal School from whence we look backward and forward, and behold as far as eye can see an unbroken chain of immortal human links, each link polished and glittering with a luster more beautiful and bright than that of diamond or of gold.

Upon more careful examination we discover that each bar in this marvelous chain represents a class, and it reveals the fact that from each link depends a picture.

Many of the pictures hanging from that chain have been carried in its progress so distantly into the past, that we, the class of 1916 are unable to discern even their most vague outlines, but they can never be carried so far into the ever receding years that their scenes shall fail to live before the mental eyes of their living participants.

As members of the present graduating class, however, our eyes naturally turn to the new link in the chain inscribed with the figures "1914-'16," for those are really interesting figures to us. Selfish? Yes, it may be. But it is natural, and only human after all. Those figures mean something to us: They represent a period in our lives that so long as life and reason survive shall continue unforgotten.

Strange to say, unlike its fellows we find our link possesses more than ordinary weight. We cannot consistently ascribe this corpulence of our membership, nor are we so insufferably vain as to publicly attribute it to superior mentality. Please remember our private opinions are only privately expressed. Here we prefer to assign as a reason for undue weight, lack of sluggishness, laziness and ambition. Do not laugh at our failings and frailties but kindly remember that—

“There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
That it hardly behooves any of us
To smile or laugh at the rest of us.”

Now we come to the picture swinging from our glistening link. Ah, look, there we are, girls with sunny locks, girls with tresses as deeply sombre as midnight, and lassies with hair of brown, bending studiously, and sometimes patiently but oftener impatiently over long lessons in psychology, mathematics, etc., from 4.15 to 10.15 p. m. with a brief interval from 6 to 6.30 for the hasty consumption of our evening repast. At 10.15 all lights must disappear, and “as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be”—only darkness after 10.15 p. m.

The second picture shows us, not with frowning faces nor with tasks to be performed. In this scene the time is the early or possibly unearly hours of the morning watch. The dormitory is wrapped in slumber profound and steady, and we may well imagine, not altogether still, and, dear friends of the audience although many of its inmates had truly musical voices, memory brings back to our ears the sonoric tones which many, many times has issued from the distended mouths of those self same lassies closely embraced in the soothing arms of staid old Morpheus and those tones were—well, to say the least, not the tones of high class prima donnas, or if they were the voices of those prima donnas were sadly, deplorably out of tune! Not withstanding our calmly heroic endurance of this nerve wrecking disturbance on the part of our sleeping friends, yet when we were faithfully awakened according to our written request posted conspicuously on the outward portals of our halls of slumber “the Somnolent class” had the temerity to awaken from their dreams and deafening snores, and bring complaint against us for those rappings at the doors.

Once again behold us—Ah! but what approaches here? Nothing, dear friends, but the Junior link, calmly advancing to take our position of “grave and reverend Seniors” and while our own grand link, with its masterpiece of art moves outward and away, this other bar, the largest of them all, bearing the inscription “1915-’17” with its chromo swinging idly to and fro, comes slowly into view. As we glance at this pictorial attempt we have only time to note that its expectation is as yet neither perfect nor complete.

Now permit us to offer you two bits of council drawn from Senior wisdom and experience. First extinguish your lights at 10.15 p. m. that you may avoid a battle royal with all its noise and clatter when the devoted, much blamed, but conquering monitor compels the full observance of the law, and second, guard well and carefully cherish that grand ennobling book, the Seniors favorite, dear, old Psychology.

Seriously, dear Juniors, please remember that as yours has thus far been the largest class to enter the school, it is possible for it, as it is its duty, to attain a high degree of perfection, if its members will carefully avail themselves of the counsel of our excellent faculty. They have helped you hitherto. Permit them to complete the shaping and polishing of your link, and when at last their work is done, and it is moving out, as ours today is passing, your hearts will be filled with satisfaction and with praise of the teachers who have prepared you for your profession so thoroughly and well.

Ladies and Gentlemen, members of the faculty, and of the Junior class, our tasks are done, and it only remains for us to speak the sad, sweet word “good-bye” and as our ship of destiny glides out from this fair haven toward life’s wide, restless sea, we lean against that good ship’s rail and gaze at the receding harbor, and as your handkerchiefs, like white banners of peace and goodwill flutter in our direction, our own wave back to you, and we say—

Blest be the links that bind
Our hearts to memory’s shore,
To school and friends we leave behind,
And days that are no more.



Ivy Oration

ONCE more the time has come when another class must bid their Alma Mater farewell. As has been the custom in the past to plant the vine, so dear to us all, the ivy, we, the class of 1916, are now gathered here for that memorable occasion, that we may leave for those who follow us, a memory dear and sacred to us all.

As the tender green ivy climbs to the beautiful wall which it so closely covers, even so, we shall cling to our Alma Mater. And, like the vine, still climbing and reaching out, we too, shall reach out for all that is helpful and aspire to that which is highest and best.

“All common things, each day’s events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.”

Among the virtues which the ivy symbolizes is faith, a virtue needed by all as we start out on life’s long journey. We must learn never to give up, but with our faith still press on, even though the way may sometimes seem dark and dreary. Tennyson says:

“We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.”

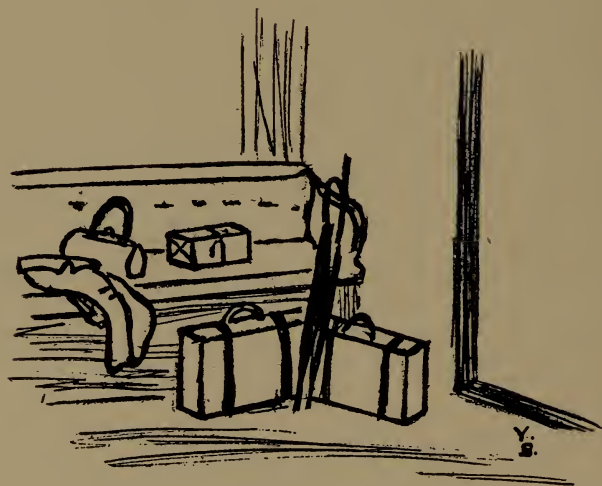
As the ivy beautifies the wall which it covers and so tenderly shields, so we with our love will shield and protect humanity, of a weaker nature, around us.

Like the roots of the ivy may our love grow deeper and firmer each year and may we give out that love to those around us. For life that is real consists, not in taking, but giving and we get out of life exactly as much as we put into it.

“If you give to the world the best you have,
The best will come back to you.”

So to-day, dear friends, we plant the ivy and may our class spirit be planted with it, as a symbol of our love and loyalty to our Alma Mater, and as the seasons come and go, may this verdant vine remind those who remain of the love and loyalty of the class of 1916.

Florence May Berard.





Juy Poem

I

'Neath the shadow of these hills,
We have lived for two short years,
And the heart with friendship thrills,
While our eyes they fill with tears.

II

For the time has come, when we,
And the friends we love so well,
Are to bid good-bye to Normal,
And to say our last farewell.

III

'Mid the sunshine and the cloud,
We have bravely struggled thru,
'Till with learning, are endowed,
By the help of teachers true.

IV

But before we go our way,
And we leave our mater fair,
We will plant the ivy vine,
And commit it to your care.

V

May the vine we plant today,
In your memory leave a thought,
Of the spirit of "Sixteen,"
And the good that she has wrought.

VI

And as now we all depart,
And we go upon life's way,
May the sunshine fill each heart,
As it strives to win the day.

VII

But the sun won't always shine,
As we journey here below,
So we must just like the vine,
Keep our faith here as we go.

VIII

And the vine must also cling,
To the wall which enfolds,
So must we to best ideals,
For 'tis those our life will mould.

IX

For in life we must not take,
Nor must seek for praise, or gain,
But to give, to share, to love,
And to serve with might and main.

X

Now before I close and say,
That I wish you all success,
I must trust you to the One,
Who will guide each day and bless.

Mary E. Taft.

Class Statistics

NAME	AMBITION	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	SPECIAL TALENT
Elsa Miester	To grow taller	Art work	I don't care	Curling her hair
Katherine O'Connor	To live, laugh and love much	Writing letters	My stars!	Rolling her eyes
Florence Moore	To be a missionary	Prayer meetings	Have you this done?	Smiling
Minnie Murdock	To be a Judge	"Gym."	I don't understand	Linguist
"Peg" Hanlon	To lead in society	Dancing	Wait till I get out of here	Chair caning and knitting (?)
Flossy Berard	Keep in style	Seeing A Dentist	Hey Kid!	Shining in the social line
Ethel Eno	To be a teacher	Looking pleasant	I'll try	Posing for Miss P.
Genevieve Eno	To help everybody	Helping everyone	Yes, dear	Watching Ethel
"Jane" Rooney	To meet Pestolozzi	Making us laugh	Now ain't that awful	Tickling
"Dot" Oliver	To own a georgette crepe factory	Combing her hair	Hey, Abie!	Dancing the latest
"Peeney" Urban	To get acquainted	Starting something	What are you talking about?	Interviewing superintendents

CLASS STATISTICS—CONTINUED

NAME	AMBITION	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	SPECIAL TALENT
Mary Durnin	To travel	Teaching in Savoy	Sweet night	Being good
Bea Donovan	To run an auto	Dancing	So help me Hand	Smiling
Thenis Engel	To learn more	Studying	My Sakes!	Fixing her hair
"Ag" Fallon	To go far away	Running a car	Aw' gwan	Bug honey-moons
"Marg" Fallon	To go in vaudeville	Getting S-o-m-e know-ledge at noon	Isn't that pathetic	Dispelling gloom
Laura Flanders	To get somewhere	Thinking of the west	I'm tired	Skipping gym
"Bea" Greene	Being consistent	Keeping quiet	Mum	Keeping secrets
"Fran" Haley	To go to China	Making faces	He's nuts	Teaching arithmetic
Lila Feeley	To live with her sisters	Reading to Miss Searle	"Sweetie"	Amusing Camilla
"Han" Hamer	To grow tall	Keeping the front chair in psychology	I'm scared stiff	Riding on trolley ears
Florence Humphreys	Actress	Memorizing	That's horrid	Rolling eyes
Irene Kelley	To live near a cemetery	Taking her music lesson across the road from somewhere	Say, Kid	Going to "movies"

CLASS STATISTICS—CONTINUED

NAME	AMBITION	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	SPECIAL TALENT
"Gert" Kelly	To get out alive	Dreaming	I'm peeved	Taking walks
Trude Killars	To beat Mrs. Castle dancing	Going with "Fran"	Shuah	Looking innocent
Anna McClatchey	To live on the level	Treating the girls	Oh, Gosh	Writing plans
Jennie Rudnick	Just to be nice	Shooting 6 pointers	You're not angry?	Helping everyone to be happy
Esther Morse	Start a kindergarten	Posing	Good night!	Looking up a job
Grace McKinstry	To live happy	Visiting Mrs. Graves	Good-bye girls	Reciting in H. of E.
"Celest" Wight	To be an orator	Arguing	I don't know	Missionary work
Helen Pierce	To grow fat	Seeking Olive	Hang it all!	Singing
Olive Warren	Social position	Visiting Williamstown	Absolutely punk	Combing hair
"Dick" Dickinson	To get married	Play for Glee Club	Now, did you ever!	Concealing that diamond
Camilla Cole	To be a carpenter	Reading letters from Vt.	Ah, Slush!	Whistling
Margaret Warren	Be a matron of an orphan asylum	Glee Club	Hello, everybody	Cheering others up
Minnie Rumley	Get a picture in her locket	Walking (?)	Got your lit. (?)	Woman Suffrage

CLASS STATISTICS—CONTINUED

NAME	AMBITION	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	SPECIAL TALENT
"Glad" Wilcott	To obtain her rights	Annoying Anna	Say, Peeney	Living up to her name
Leah Howarth	To be just	Looking up Edith	Oh, that's North Adams	Living near Normal
Edith Johnson	To get a "job"	Sewing	Those girls!	Criticizing
Vera Brown	Act for "movies"	Sighing	Oh, Deah!	Acting
Marion Bryant	To grow fat	Blushing	What cha' doin'?	Walking
Nellie Corcoran	Not to miss gym (Jim)	Visiting a certain lake	We should worry	Depriving Flora of gym (Jim) periods
"Flo" Corrigan	To never let him miss the last car to "Bill" town again	Looking for a million- aire to propose	I will if Bea will	Entertaining
Sadie Delphy	To read prologues	Purchasing at the Bray- tonville store	My stars!	Reciting in Grammar
Mary Dempsey	To coach Co. M's basketball team	Looking for leaks that "A" plumber can fix	Good night!	Looking good natured
Thelma Donovan	Getting "Burns"	Helping Nellie visit	For the love of "Mike"	Fixing things up

The Mock Wedding



HOW many of you girls up at Taconic Hall this last year, remember the wedding of Nat Goodwin and Lillian Russel?

I thought you couldn't have forgotten that memorable affair. Yes, it occurred Tuesday evening, the eleventh of October, 1915, and well we might remember that evening for it was the night before a holiday, one of those rare happenings for N. A. N. S. Remember how we all petitioned to have that holiday come on Monday so we could hie to our far distant homes for a couple of days? Alas, our efforts were in vain, but why? That was the question.

We all went diligently to school on Monday and then came study hour Monday eve., however, for some reason no one felt like studying the night before that holiday. A group of us gathered in room 46 after dinner to talk about the weather, etc., and then we began to wonder what we could do for excitement. That week the play Graustark had been running down at the movies and most of us had been to see it. Someone suggested that we try to play that, another said, "Why not have just the wedding scene?" That appealed favorably to us all,



but now the question was, who should be the bride, and who the groom? Of course these were such important parts that no one would speak up and say, "I will," for fear of offending her neighbor, so we wrote out the different names on slips of paper, put these in a basket, and then each girl drew a slip and the problem was easily solved.

Thenis was to be bride; Fran, groom; Olive, brides-maid; Trudy, best man; Camilla, the Minister; Elsa, the bride's mother; Vera, the bride's father; Gert and Helen, maids of honor; Esther, train bearer; Marion, ring bearer; Flossie, flower

girl; and Dick and Vi ushers.

When the parts were all decided we scurried to our rooms to make ready our costumes. Olive and Helen were to write the invitations and slip them under all the other girls' doors. The invitations read something like this:

Nat Goodwin

Weds

Lillian Russel

Tonight 9.30

Sewing Room

Later we decided, this being such a grand occasion, that the reception hall would be a much more appropriate room, so there was where the wedding took place.



Yes, certainly we had plenty of time in which to prepare, the whole of study hour, and I'm sure most of those taking part spent the time in preparation and never thought of study.

At the close of study hour all was ready. We formed in line in the corridor on third floor so that the bridal procession might go down through the halls. No one would ever have recognized us, actually we hardly knew each other. You have no idea what costumes you can make up till you have tried water paints, ink, crayon, and various articles of wearing apparel will work miracles.

There was the bride with a handsome pink complexion, dressed in a beautiful white evening (?) gown with a flowing lace train, which once had been draped at the window. She carried a bouquet of roses, that had adorned a hat, and sprigs of evergreen obtained on a recent Greylock trip.

The groom looked very manly in his stiff collar, white evening (?) trousers and long tailed coat. He had a pert little mustache on his upper lip, thanks to black paint and an artistic school-mate.

The brides-maid wore a broad hat, a soft, meshy gown which clearly revealed her swan like neck, and she carried sprigs of evergreen.

The best man looked like a little dude in his beaver hat, long tailed coat, "tight fitting" white trousers, orange silk stockings, evening slippers. He also had a pert little mustache similar to that of the groom.



The minister came forward with stately dignity, wearing a long, brown robe with a wide border. This robe had many times protected him from cold during his slumber, but it was its first appearance in public.

The bride's mother was a tall stately lady who showed a great deal of rhythm and harmony in her choice of dress.

The father was a short, demure looking little Dutchman, who I fear was rather hen pecked. A few sofa pillows had given him a very stout form, and a fringed paper prominently perched on his chin made an excellent beard.

The maids of honor, charming young ladies with lovely pink and white complexions and heavy eye brows, were dressed in handsome white reception gowns and fashionable broad brimmed hats.

The train bearer and the ring bearer, sweet little girls with long tresses caught back with large pink bows, wore simple little evening gowns.

The flower girl wore a dainty green figured dress and a large hat with a rolling brim.

The ushers looked like stalwart Englishmen with their eye spectacles, jockey caps, white "tight fitting" knee breeches and dark coats.

As we formed in line strains of the wedding march were distinctly heard from the first floor, and soon we marched stately down the stairs. When we entered the reception hall



we saw a goodly company assembled, some dressed in fine costumes especially for the occasion.

The marriage ceremony took place before the fire place amidst the circle of guests. The minister and groom took their places and then the bride came forward leaning on her father's arm. Never did a minister use more fluent phrases or more meaning gestures, than Rev. Mr. Cole used on this occasion.

After the happy couple were united, the wedding reception was given, the victrola furnishing music, and every one, bridal party and guests, joined in for a merry little dance. It was true that trains and stout bodies rather interfered in the dancing but no one minded that, and we continued to make merry until the fatal time, 10.10, arrived when we had to hurry to our rooms.

I'm sure there wasn't a person who was in the bridal party or the audience, who had not laughed until her sides fairly ached. Such moments when we entirely forgot our duties did us worlds of good, and they are moments that will not soon be forgotten.

The next morning the bride, groom, and whole wedding train had their pictures taken on the lawn in front of the dormitory, and most everyone borrowed those films. Girls who have those snap shots, if you ever feel blue just take out your snap shot book, turn to the wedding pictures, and you'll laugh outright in spite of yourselves.

Vera Brown

Governor Walsh's Visit

WE Seniors were all in the "Gym" having a lively game of "Stationary" when Miss Baright with several strangers appeared in the doorway. We played on giving little thought as to who the strangers were because of the fact that visitors are not at all uncommon at our school. However we all were attracted by one of the group, a very tall, distinguished-looking gentleman, but even his presence did not stop the game because the next basket was to decide the winning team. After watching our play a few moments our visitors went on.

Soon after, the following note came to Miss Skeele: "The Seniors will report in the Assembly Hall at once. Governor Walsh is to speak." Still in our gym suits we all hustled over to school and there the Juniors and Faculty were assembled. Before long the distinguished looking gentleman, who had visited us in the gymnasium and whom we had barely noticed, came in and was introduced to us by Mr. Smith as our Governor—The Honorable David I. Walsh. Imagine, not only our surprise, but our chagrin for having thus ignored our honorable guest in the gymnasium! Nevertheless we showed our respect and patriotism later by applauding with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Governor spoke to us in a way that we never shall forget—his full, clear voice ringing out in the intense quiet of the room. His message revealed to us what our state is actually doing for education and we were made to feel, as never before, its power and greatness. Soon our thoughts were carried out of the narrow groove of school to a larger realization of our State and our responsibility, as prospective teachers, to it. Never before had we been more inspired. At once we all were filled with the greatest desire to become the best possible teachers.

This is the first time in the history of our school that we have been honored by a visit from the Governor of the State and this unexpected visit of our chief magistrate did us so much good that we hope other classes may have the same privilege.

—Leah Howarth.

Life on Normal Hill

PASSERS-BY often look as though they wondered how we pass our time, way up on this hill. Therefore, we shall endeavor to make you all acquainted with our happy life.

At 6.30 sharp, the rising bell rings, calling us forth to our daily duties. We go to breakfast, then hustle back to our rooms and blow the pussy cats under the couches to remain until Saturday.

At 8 o'clock we start to accomplish in an hour, that which we should have spent three hours on the night before.

Next we wander over to chapel and may be seen sitting there, waiting patiently for Mr. Murdock to announce our favorite hymn (him) "God Send Us Men." After listening to an inspiring talk by our Principal, our ranks break for the rest of the day, each going to her own duty.

At 12 o'clock we all make a grand rush for the dormitory table which contains our only mail (male).

Shortly after, we have lunch, a meal which we enjoy more and more as the days grow less.

We are kept busy, then, until four o'clock, when we usually wander down street to see the sights.

At "five" minutes of six we all begin to primp, so as to be ready when the long-awaited for dinner bell rings at six. Ah, how good it all tastes! Each night a trifle better than the night before. After this delightful repast, everyone indulges in some sort of sport before study hour.

This year a student Council has been chosen to regulate dormitory affairs. Since this election, in order to move during study hour, we have to peek up and down and sideways of all corridors to be sure that none of the ten are watching. Oftentimes in our efforts to avoid any member of the Council, we deliberately (?) run into a teacher and feel disgraced because we left our room to see about some studying???

Saturday mornings the whole household is in a turmoil. Everyone is sweeping, dusting, mopping, washing, ironing, and, in fact, doing a countless number of things at once.

Occasionally something real exciting happens. One thing that we all enjoy is the preparation for a "midnight spread," and then the very feed itself. Just before a vacation there are usually a number of these taking place. On the sly, during study hour, different ones are making salads, sandwiches, drinks, opening olives and pickles and so forth. Invariably some sad catastrophe occurs. Perhaps some pickle bottle breaks and the juice flies all over the room.

Now all of a sudden, a gentle tap comes at the door. In less than two seconds all of the "helpers" have disappeared. Some are hiding in the closets, others are back of the screens, while still others are under the beds. All of the eatables suddenly vanish, and the hostess goes to the door, and greets a teacher. She comes in and proceeds to talk at length about some important business, to the poor girl who is trying to control her laughter which is caused by little giggles which burst forth from various parts of the room.

The teacher finally leaves, and the girls rush out and start work with a new vigor.

Now, the most exciting thing of all is the fire-drill. Everyone is peacefully sleeping, when that alarm rings. In a second all have jumped up, dressed, formed lines in the corridors, and filed down the fire-escapes. Upon our return into the main corridor Mr. Murdock asks us if we talked, laughed, failed to hear the bell, and so on. As soon as possible we ascend the stairs, fall back into our beds, and think about the excitement the rest of the night.

Thus, day in and day out, the fleeting moments are passed happily by the Normal Girls, who occupy the famous yellow building on the hill.

ESTHER A. MORSE
THELMA M. DONOVAN

The Van Asterbuilt Dinner Party

ONE of the jolliest dining-room events happened when we, who sat at Mrs. Van Etten's table set out to impersonate the Van Asterbuilt family.

Up to this time we had been very much on our dignity, for we had come together as strangers under the sobering thought that we were to be developed and turned out, as dignified school marms. Now we had a chance for some real fun which we met with zest.

We had kept our dinner party a secret and as we entered the dining room the eyes of eighty or more teachers and students stared at us as though we were intruders. Then when they recognized us, laughter and clapping rang out through the room.

This is how the Van Asterbuilds appeared. Grandfather, who was Helen Wells and whose face beamed with radiance under his silver locks, was dressed in a quiet, dark suit and carried a cane. Grandmother, Miss Pearson whom we had invited for the occasion, appeared in conventional costume, a black silk gown and white lace cap.

Mother, Mrs. Van Etten was gowned in a purple dress which added to her stately and dignified manner which was so highly respected by her children.

Father, Bessie Legate, wore white trousers with a dark blue coat which fitted to correct lines. The eldest daughter, in real life, Miss Helen Pierce, wore a charming creation of blue French satin embellished with white fox, and her beauty was further set off by rare family jewels. The old maid aunt, who was Miss Slaiger, wore a tight fitting basque of brocaded velvet. Her hair was arranged in a most becoming (?) way so typical of some, who reach this stage in life.

Jack, Genevieve Eno, the overgrown son wore high collar and smart Norfolk suit with knickerbockers.

Dina, the colored waitress, who was Vera Brown wore a plaid dress, red tie, white apron, stockings of two colors, blue and orange, and a black curly wig. This description cannot

do justice to her picture; to appreciate it you should have seen her.

Mary and Hattie, Daisy Turner and Rose Hickey, two very dignified students, quite surprised us all. Before this, they never forgot for a moment their training from youth—never spoke till spoken to and never asked for a second helping of anything. But now how different they acted!

These two playmate sisters brought their doll and teddy bear and they just couldn't sit still. They stood up in their chairs and flourished their dolls in every direction. Mother wore an anxious look and father's resources as a disciplinarian were taxed to the uttermost. Finally they were such very naughty little girls that, Dina, the colored maid had to take them from the table.

The fun we had impersonating this family and the fun the rest of the dining room had watching us, I am sure no one of us is likely to forget.

—*Genevieve Eno.*



The "Man" Dance

YOU ask, What was the most enjoyable social evening spent at "Taconic Hall?" You shall have a unanimous and direct response. Doubtless, your mind and active imagination has already satisfied you, but, we must permit no mistakes on such an occasion as this. Though the occurrence seems extremely improbable and almost impossible, and, though you may question the verity of this statement, we all assure you that the actual "man" dance, held February 5th, 1916 was the most inspiring and long to-be-remembered event of the whole two years spent within the sacred and protecting walls of the dormitory.

In September we had been promised an informal party sometime during the middle of the school year. Why we remembered it, it is needless to assert.

It was just before Christmas "when all through the house" a rumor began to be carried back and forth by the Zephyrs trying to arouse interest concerning the promised entertainment which we were in hopes would take the form of a dance. Of course, everybody was getting ready to go home, so the question was dropped until we returned in January to industriously resume our studies. How easily, then could be read on each countenance the expression of expectation that something was to happen. No one seemed easy or ready to go to work until the question which rested in each mind was settled. Consequently, a house meeting was held and a motion was made and immediately seconded that we request to be allowed a "man" dance in February. A large majority vote led us to elect a committee consisting of both Juniors and Seniors to go to Mr. Murdock and make a plea, as it were, according to our wishes. Among the many privileges which we desired one was that we be permitted to dance until the late hour of eleven o'clock, and to our unspeakable surprise and joy it was granted.

Likewise, many of our other suggestions were favored so that we began without delay to prepare for the great event. Engraved invitations, limited to two apiece, were sent out to

very select friends, gowns were procured for the occasion, and all necessities were looked out for long before hand. Naturally, obstructions arose which disappointed and gladdened us alternatively, but, finally, everything turned out favorably.

Next came the arrangement of the programs for the evening. What a success that proved to be! A certain few of us were far-sighted enough to comprehend that unless some arrangement were made for becoming acquainted in a quick, but orderly manner, during the evening that an inestimable amount of time would be practically wasted, when we might be using it advantageously as the melodious music filled the hall. A scheme was thereby worked up in which the girls grouped together and filled out cards indicating with whom each number was to be danced, while a corresponding card was made out for each gentleman guest.

The interval between January 5th and February 5th seemed like a decade, even though we knew that good things come slowly.

At length, the eventful evening with all its splendor and gorgeous array arrived. Luckily, it was on Saturday night. If otherwise, we willingly acknowledge that books, lesson plans and all forms of academic and professional work would have been intentionally ignored. Could you blame us? When the clock tolled out the hour of six and the dinner bell rang such a sigh swept through the hall as was never heard before! How could nearly a whole hour be taken up in the dining-hall when every minute was necessary in getting ready to make a pleasing appearance at eight? On the other hand, how could we endure such a wild form of unaccustomed dissipation for three whole hours without nourishment. So, shortly, we were at our various places, nervously eating, or pretending to eat, and endeavoring to effect a conversation, though it was very evident that our thoughts were on the coming festivities.

Seven o'clock found us busily engaged in "dolling up", and you would surely agree that the expression is well chosen if you might have had the opportunity to cast even a glance at the various styles of hair-dressing and gowns, as we tremblingly proceeded to "line-up" in the main corridor one hour later. Bell after bell rang, man after man entered the precious gates

to our temporary home, and there was many a sigh of relief as warm greetings were exchanged. One more ordeal and a very pleasant time would begin. This ordeal consisted in passing through the receiving line with our friends to be inspected and surveyed by a committee of three, which, to be sure, was a remarkable improvement upon former practice. What a trying amount of work had been experienced from the time the first thought was given to the affair up till the time we stood under the dazzling lights of the hall! No wonder there were so many unprepared lessons!

No time was lost after we were once within hearing of the music. The programs, which had been provided, prohibited any and all "mural decorations," much to the intense satisfaction of everybody. Card tables were placed in another room for all those who sought a more quiet form of entertainment. At 9.30 intermission allowed us an opportunity to enjoy light refreshments in the dining-hall, after which the completion of the fleeting evening's amusement was enthusiastically resumed.

Eleven o'clock approached only too soon! It was the last dance and signs of "breaking up" had already been set on foot by a few of our guests who demonstrated an example of what others were to follow, lest they be too late in escaping through the mighty strongholds of our hall. Every heart was bubbling over with joy and satisfaction, but, still,

Slowly and sadly we bade them good-night,
And we watched them as with gloom they faded from sight.

With fondness and pleasure we now recall this charming event and with heartiness and gratefulness to each other, to our advising principal, to our encouraging matron, to our helping faculty, and to all who assisted in bringing about success, we give our sincerest gratitude.

May the future bring mirth
And many meetings of such worth.

Ellen T. Corcoran.

The Thanksgiving Party

November 22, 1915

THERE was excitement everywhere in the "Dorm." that evening because the next day we were going home for Thanksgiving vacation. At last the bell sounded for dinner and we entered the dining room. Behold! how changed. On every table there was a turkey centerpiece, the base of which was surrounded by rosy red apples, and green and gold streamers reached to each plate. A pretty sight it was indeed!

Hardly were we seated when the waitresses began singing. Others caught the spirit and soon one table after another started a song and all others joined in. Cheers were given for the various members of the faculty and a fine time was enjoyed by all.

After our delightful meal a final song was sung in the main hall and we all went to our various rooms to study (?) and pack suit-cases.

Gladys M. Leonard.



The Barnyard Show

ONE of the most enjoyable events of the year was the wonderful barnyard show. It was called "The Abnormal Berkshire Taconic Barnyard Show" and was given in the gymnasium by the members of Miss Pearson's table.

A week before the event all sorts of posters, which aroused great curiosity, especially the one about the free jitney ride appeared on the bulletin board.

The night of the show all those who wished to attend received tickets from Mrs. Van Etten. Thus it happened that shortly before eight o'clock a great crowd assembled at the head of the south stairway, as only two or three were allowed to go down at one time. Lo and behold! when they reached the basement what should they see but the jitneys which were to take them to the "gym." These jitneys, which were run by a few of the performers, were none other than the wheelbarrows used by Guss! In order to see the show, everyone both teachers and girls, was obliged to take a jitney ride, and the laughing and screaming accompanying these rides could be heard all over the dormitory.

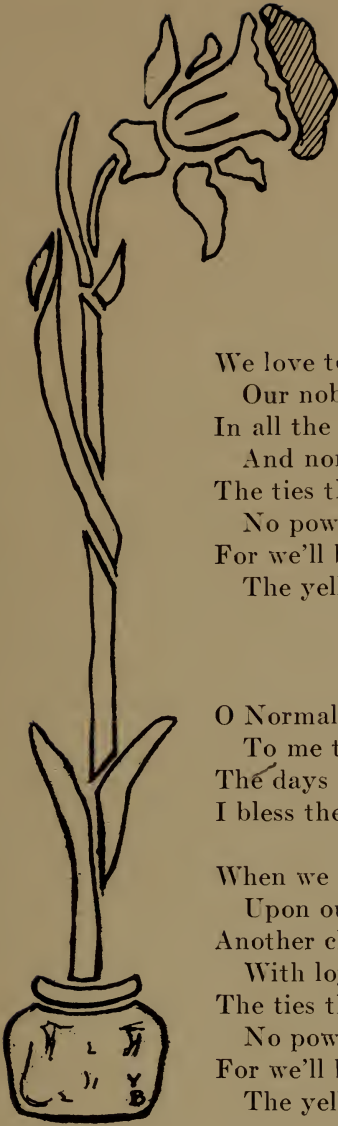
When all the audience was seated, Miss Pearson, the leader made a speech in which she told all about the show, after which the performance began. The first thing on the program was the parade. Those in the parade were as follows: Mary Dickinson, a trained horse; Camilla Cole, a farmer; Sarah Clark, a rooster; Ethel Garland, a donkey; Eleanor Hohner, a clown; Catherine Carney, a bear; Agnes Keefe and Elsa Meister, ostriches.

After the parade each one had a special feat to perform. First, the ostriches appeared before the audience and bowed, as the leader called them by name and then explained that some of the feathers plucked from these ostriches were for sale. Next, all the performers sang "I want to Go Back to Michigan," while the rooster perched high on the vertical ladder crowed and crowed. After that the farmer drove the donkey around the "Gym". This was followed by the grace-

ful dancing of the bear to the tune sung by the leader. It was then announced that the bear would climb the rope if there was any gentlemen present who would be willing to give fifty cents. As it happened to the great surprise of everyone a really truly gentleman stepped from the audience and presented the fifty cents. This was so unexpected that for a few moments pandemonium reigned but the bear stepped bravely forth and under the circumstances did her part well. Then, to the music of the victor, the trained horse galloped around. Then it was announced that the clown would perform a great stunt on a barrel if he could get enough persons to support the barrel. But this proving impossible it was decided to abandon the idea and present the next number on the program which was the singing of "The Monk" by the whole company, a performance which greatly delighted the audience.

The last thing on the program was the procession of mourners who grieved over the loss of the animals that had once belonged to the show. Afterwards general dancing was enjoyed until bedtime.





Class Song

We love to sing of N. A. N. S.
Our noble Alma Mater,
In all the state she is the best,
And none will e'er be greater.
The ties that bind our normal days
No power can ever sever,
For we'll be true to N. A. N. S.
The yellow and white forever.

Chorus

O Normal School, 1916
To me the past has no regret,
The days have vanished like a dream
I bless the hour when first we met—1916

When we have left these dear old halls
Upon our graduation,
Another class shall sing our song,
With loyal adoration.
The ties that bind our Normal days
No power can ever sever
For we'll be true to N. A. N. S.
The yellow and white, forever.

Mary Dickinson.

Class Song

Farewell, dear Normal School
We now say good-bye
Engraved on each memory
Thy name will ne'er die.
May all things beautiful,
Noble, strong and free
Thru kind Heaven's providence
Be show'ed on thee.

Hail! Alma Mater, dear
We praise thy name,
And in accents strong and true
We spread thy fame.
Thou hast become to us
A shining beacon light
And we shall e'er turn to thee
In Fears dark night.

Marguerite L. Hanlon.

S—is for the seniors of the Normal
E—is for the ease with which they teach
N—is for the Normal they have attended.
I—for the impression they will leave
O—is for their optimistic nature
R—for Right and right they'll always be

Put them all together they spell Senior the name that
means the world to me.

Compliments of the Juniors

Wanted

A ticket to China
 A masculine harem
 A 'Mackintosh'
 About two dozen pencils
 Sympathy
 Vacation all the time
 A Doctor
 Scott's works
 Something to call 'Fritz'
 Appreciation for her smiles
 A course in 'Wood'-work
 Harper's Weekly
 An Earl
 Cutlery
 A position near 'Dana'
 A champion swimmer
 A 'Ray' of sunshine
 Her own way
 A MAN

Fran Haley
 Gert Kelly
 Katherine Hamer
 Janet Rooney
 Laura Flanders
 Irene Kelley
 Florence Berard
 Mary Dickinson
 Celestine Wight
 Florence Moore
 Doris Oliver
 Violet Lyman
 Gladys Fraleigh
 Peg Hanlon
 Esther Morse
 Trude Killars
 Vera Brown
 Flora Corrigan
 Beatrice Donovan

Now that you have got it, what are you going to do
 with it?



Things We'll Ne'er Forget

The Flat Iron
The Bijou
The Richmond
See-me-at-once notices
Pestolozzi
Neutral Colors
Naps in the Class Room
Gymnasium Walks (?)
Our first interview with a superintendent
Mr. Smith's Jokes
Izzy
Make your point
Scraps (?) in the lunch room
Hymn number twenty-eight, "God Send Us Men"
Balance, Rhythm, Harmony, Consistent, Onward Movement
Don't "Puttah"
Jig saw
The "hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket"
Why is a cabbage?
Early and Later Childhood
The lecture after the joke at the Empire
"Verbina"
Grandfather's Red Barn

Wouldn't You be Surprised

- If Anna Urban failed to recite?
- If Gert Kelly became a nun?
- If Celestine eloped?
- If Florence Moore said "I should worry?"
- If K. Hamer stayed out of an argument?
- If Janet Rooney didn't have 'pussonal' views on the matter?
- If Florence Berard didn't bring Abie with her?
- If Vi Lyman joined the circus?
- If Peg Hanlon didn't have her hands in her pockets?
- If Trude Killars didn't have a grin on?
- If Irene Kelley changed music teachers?
- If Flora Corrigan wasn't pulling up her bloomer legs in
gymnasium?
- If Marg. Fallon sang the morning hymn?
- If Lila Feeley slowed up?
- If Dot Oliver wore a non-transparent waist?
- If the Faculty took their eyes off the southeast-corner
during assembly?
- If white paper was plentiful?
- If Mr. Johnson yelled?
- If Mr. Smith ran out of stories?
- If Miss Searle failed to put "See Me" on a paper?
- If Miss Pearson forgot 'Balance, Rythm and Harmony?'
- If Katharine O'Connor grew fat?



N.A.N.S.

Autographs

Frances Fairweather	Marquitta Lillian Maud Haulow.
Elsa Lillian Meister	Lela A. Howarth
Lila Rachel Feeley	Edith G. Johnson
Therese Helen Engel.	Katherine Hamer
Camilla L. Cole	Irene Kelley
Marion S. Bryant	Margaret K. Fallon
Vera Lucy Brown	Doris M. Oliver
Helen Margaret Pierce	Laura M. Flanders
Olive May Warren	Ethel Mildred Eno
Florence Violet Lyman	Genevieve V. Eno
Mary Grace Dickinson	Sarah Janet Rooney
Florence M. Humphreys	Florence Berard
Esther A. Morse	Anna A. Urban
Gertrude Killars	Minnie Murdock
Ellen T. Corcoran	Glady's M. Willmott
Glady's May Leonard	Katharine A. O'Connor
Thelma M. Donovan	Flora Corrigan
Anna M. Clatchey	Margaret J. Harden
May. E. Taft	Mary L. Durnin
Florence C. Moore	Jennie Rudnick
Celestine E. Wight	Beatrice Donovan
Laddie M. Dolphy	Beatrice A. Greene
Minnie E. Gambley	Agnes Fallon
Mary L. Tempsey	Gertrude Kelly

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